

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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The late Military Operations in Virginia—Their Important Results.

GEN. GRANT has succeeded in another important step towards the reduction of Richmond. He has done this not without considerable losses, but his gains are immeasurably greater. All the late mysterious and, to the common observer, inexplicable movements of our troops from the south side of the James river to the north side and back again, and up the Shenandoah valley and down again, find their solution in the capture and occupation of the Weldon, Wilmington and Charleston railroad, the main artery between Richmond and Georgia, the head and the heart of the rebellion. Without dwelling, however, upon the beautiful strategic movements and combinations which have been crowned with this substantial success, let us briefly consider the value of the new position, over which the lines of the heroic old army of the Potomac have been extended.

Down to the 4th of July, 1863, there were three great railroad arteries, with numerous ramifications, between Richmond and the rebellious States, reaching even to the abundant military supplies and reinforcements on the west side of the Mississippi, by way of some one of numerous crossings along the 300 miles of the river held by the enemy between Vicksburg and Port Hudson. With the capture of Vicksburg by Gen. Grant, all the country on the west side of the Mississippi river, in a military view, was cut off from Richmond. Next, with the terrible defeat and expulsion of Bragg from Chattanooga, including the expulsion of Longstreet from Knoxville and East Tennessee, one of the three great southern arteries to Richmond, the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, was severed. Now, with the late successful extension of his lines by Gen. Grant, the main and direct railroad from Richmond to Georgia is cut off, so that the only railway line

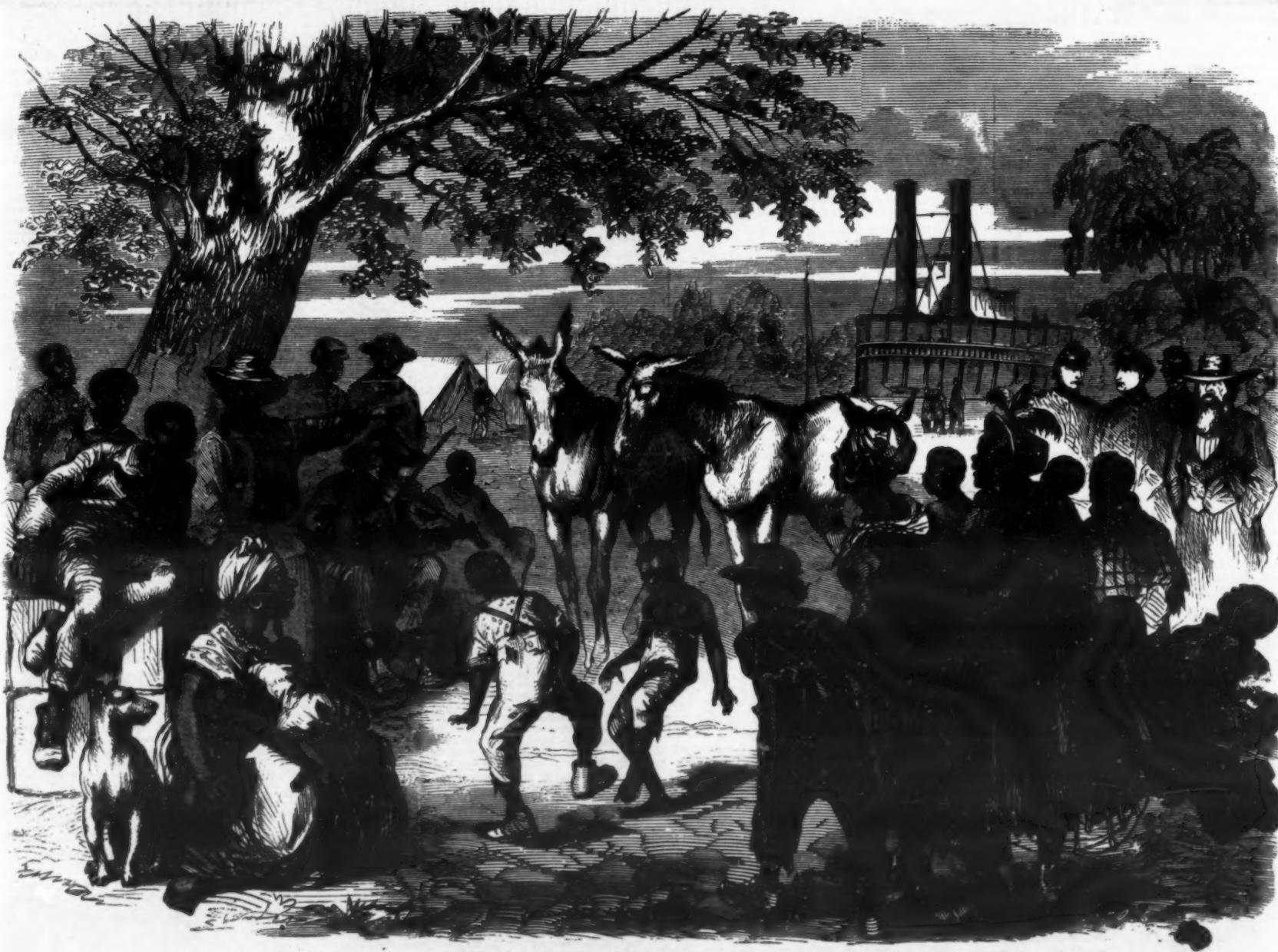


FRANK MULLER, THE ENGLISH RAILWAY MURDERER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARKE.

now remaining between Richmond and the South is the interior Danville line, a hastily and imperfectly constructed road, passing, by a circuitous and out-of-the-way route, around to Wilmington and Charleston. This single track railway, with its primitive wagon tire rails, is the last remaining link for military purposes between Richmond and Georgia.

Now, when it is remembered that Lee's army and the cities of Richmond and Petersburg are mainly dependent upon Georgia for their provisions, the loss which they have suffered in the loss of the great Weldon line may be imagined. That Gen. Lee fully comprehended the loss of this vital line is very evident from his desperate attempts of three successive days and nights, by furious charges in solid columns, to recover it. The greatest difficulty experienced by Gen. Grant in this campaign has been the difficulty of getting Lee out of his earthworks. From Spotsylvania Court-house down to the Chickahominy, and thence to Petersburg, Gen. Grant, in flanking his wily adversary out of one strongly fortified position, has never been able to catch him till snugly sheltered behind another. But at Petersburg, the chain of Lee's hidingplaces ends; and hence Gen. Grant's flank movement upon the Weldon road, through which Lee's army has, of late, mainly drawn its subsistence, compelled him to come out and do his best to regain it. He chose, for this object, the favorable time of a dark night, and in the midst of a heavy storm, to make his assault. It was an effort marked with the cunning of an Indian, and the energy of despair on the part of the attacking rebel columns, and it was a surprise to our unprotected troops, and yet the attack was a failure, and the game was lost.

From these facts the intelligent reader will perceive, taking the movements on both sides around Richmond, and away off in the Shenandoah valley into the estimate, as parts of



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—SCENE AT TABLET'S PLANTATION, BAYOU TACHE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

the same game, that Grant is the master of Lee, not only in hard fighting, but in the delicate business of strategy, and that he shapes the movements of the enemy to his own purposes. As the matter now stands, with the loss of the Weldon road, the transfer of reinforcements from Lee to Hood, or from Hood to Lee, becomes a difficult operation, inasmuch as the limited capacity of the Danville line must be monopolized in the transportation of the necessary supplies to Richmond. Nor is this the worst of it to Gen. Lee; for the Danville road is now in greater danger than ever before, and we may be sure that Gen. Grant will not rest until he has reached it, or smoked his adversaries out into the open field to fight for it. Already in the struggle for the Weldon road we have the corroboration of our view of June last, to wit—that in reality the elaborate fortifications of Richmond and Petersburg are of little value to the defence of those cities, while their subsistence depends upon the railroads which connect them with Georgia. Jeff Davis would have us believe that he is in no danger; but the lines of Vicksburg are inevitably closing around him. The advance of flour in Richmond to the extent of \$100 on the barrel, since the loss of the Weldon railroad, tells the story.

Government Securities

AS AN INVESTMENT.

There is one view of investments in Government stocks which has not been generally taken. If taken by shrewd capitalists and speculators, it has not been generally considered by the people. It is this: When, after a long suspension, specie payments are resumed, all stocks and all prices immediately and largely decline, but Government stocks do not materially decline. This fact we assert on the ground of historical experience. It is true that in the War of 1812-15 Government stocks fell, at one time, to 70; but most of the banks were then suspended or bankrupt, and there was comparatively little currency in the country to buy stocks with. But suppose the gold value of Government stocks were this day 70 (the lowest they were ever till now sold at), the market value at the present rate of gold would be 135, while in fact the stocks are selling below 105. Supposing, then, that the market price of Government securities were, by the resumption of specie payments, to go down to 70 in July, the decline would be 35 on 105, equivalent to 33 1/3 per cent., while the decline on a railroad stock would be nearly or quite equal to the whole present difference between gold and paper. A common railroad stock, selling now at 105, would decline to 55, or, in the best supposable case, to 60. This is illustrated by the history of every suspension of specie payments we have had, and there are many business men who will recollect what prices of produce, stocks and all salable commodities were after the commercial revolutions of 1837 and 1859-60. In 1841, '42 and '43, prices were reduced to a degree now scarcely credible. But Government stocks did not fall materially. On the contrary, it is a settled principle, deduced from all experience in England and this country, that Government funds do not fluctuate to the same extent as other kinds of property. There is good reason for it. The time, rate of interest and security are all fixed and permanent. There may be some variations in the market price, owing to the greater or less bulk of the entire currency, but there can be none in the intrinsic value; and hence it is, that historically the fluctuations in the value of Government stock have been comparatively small.

In all the recent commercial fluctuations of England (in some of which there has been a complete prostration of all other property), the variation in British consols has not been over five or six per cent. This cannot be said of any other kind of stock. Of railway and bank stocks the great variations and at times wonderful depreciation are notorious. Sudden commercial revolutions have reduced these stocks to one-half their price. Suppose, then, that with gold at 90 now, and Government stocks at 105, there should be a resumption of gold payments in one year, (and this is a supposition which may become a fact), what would be the relative effect on three kinds of stock—say Government at 105, bank at 115 and railroad at 130? In all human probability the resumption of gold payments in a year would bring them to these relative prices, viz.: Government 90; bank 85; railroad 70.

Judged by historical experience this would be nearly the relative result. The consequence, then, is that the Government funds depreciate 15 per cent., the banks 25, and the railroads 50. It is more probable, if this statement be thought erroneous, that the actual results would be much more in favor of Government. But we merely give this as an illustration of a general historical truth, that on the resumption of specie payments, or on the occurrence of a great commercial convulsion, the fall in Government stocks will be far less, relatively, than the fall in any other kind of stocks. The practical inference from this is plain. The purchase of Government stocks being made for investment, it is a far safer and more profitable investment for the future, when gold payments will be resumed, than any other.

Now nobody can doubt that the War, that is, the great bulk and expense of the War, will be over in a year or so; and when that occurs, there will come a gold standard; and then, when others are lamenting over the fall of stocks, the holder of Government loans will have no fall to lament. He will, in fact, profit by that change which injures the holders of other property.

There is no day born but comes like a stroke of music into the world and sings itself all the way through.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

Our forces still hold the position gained by Gen. Warren on the Weldon road, the rebels, after fruitless efforts to regain it, having retired entirely from his front. On Sunday, August 21st, they made a most determined assault, but after three repulses retired. This compensated for our heavy loss on the 19th. A whole rebel brigade was caught between the fire of two columns and almost annihilated, the General, Haywood, being killed.

On the 23d a part of the 2d corps tore up the railroad to a distance of three miles beyond Ream's station, and the 5th corps also destroyed the road to within four miles of Petersburg.

On the 25th Gen. Hancock, who was south of Ream's station, was repeatedly attacked, but in vain. At half-past 5 A.M. a combined attack was made on his centre and left, but he repulsed them as he had done before, and the enemy withdrew, leaving their dead and wounded on the field.

The enemy have lost at least 10,000 in the last two weeks.

On the same day an attack was made on Butler's picket line, but easily repulsed.

SHERIDAN'S ARMY.

Gen. Sheridan has now in fact centred his army at Harper's Ferry.

On the 17th Gen. Torbert kept the enemy at bay on the Winchester and Newtown Pike, Col. Penrose, with the 1st brigade of the 1st division, distinguishing himself greatly.

On the 21st a brisk engagement took place two miles beyond Charlestown. The rebels, at 8 A.M., attempted to pierce our front at Summit Point. The 6th corps and Wilson's cavalry bore the brunt and lost heavily. We drove the enemy over a mile. On the 24th skirmishing was renewed on the left and centre.

On the 24th Moseby attacked the stockade at Arrandale, but after an hour's fight withdrew.

On the 25th the rebels attempted to cross at dam No. 4 but were repulsed. The enemy have since fallen back to Smithfield.

GEORGIA.

Wheeler crossed the river above Chattanooga and captured a train near Cleveland.

On the 18th the 15th corps charged the rebel works at Atlanta and carried the rifle pits.

Gen. Kilpatrick succeeded in cutting the Macon road without loss, and made a complete circuit

around Atlanta, returning with 200 prisoners, 6 cannon and 4 stands of colors.

On the 19th Maj.-Gen. Dodge was killed at Atlanta while posting a picket line.

The Union prisoners at Andersonville, Ga., have sent a deputation to President Lincoln. There are 35,000 prisoners there suffering fearfully.

ALABAMA.

Farragut and Granger are thundering away at Fort Morgan, the Tennessee taking the place of the Tecumseh, and hurling her deadly missiles at the fort she so recently defended.

Gen. Maury is pressing all—black and white—in order, if possible, to save Mobile.

According to rebel papers, Fort Morgan was taken on the 27th of August.

TENNESSEE.

On the 21st, Forrest, by a bold dash, captured Memphis at 3 A.M. and held the town for two hours. The object was to capture Gen. Washburne and Gen. Hurlbut, but they both escaped. Forrest, as he retired, was pursued by Col. Winslow.

LOUISIANA.

Two steamers, the Atlantic No. 2 and M. R. Cheek, while engaged in an illegal cotton trade, was seized by the rebels at the mouth of Sunflower river.

On the 8th of Aug. the rebels attacked the Independent scouts near Goodrich's landing, but as negro troops came up they were repulsed with loss.

NORTH CAROLINA.

A rebel force attempting to take conscripts by force at Greensboro', on August 24, were driven out of the town, their commander, Major Whitfield, and Capt. Keyes being killed.

NAVAL.

The Tallahassee has destroyed 22 American fishing vessels off North Cape, Prince Edward's island. We have captured the *Uman*, a blockade-runner from Wilmington to Nassau.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE foreign news received during the past week is very unimportant. Parliament is prorogued in England, and the most notable work Lord Palmerston can find to do is to cut the first turf of new railroads, and lecture at country towns. At a recent meeting he again declared the fixed determination of the English Government to remain perfectly neutral in American affairs.

France continues in an equally quiet condition. The King of the Belgians has paid his visit to Louis Napoleon, but the object is not known.

The Germanic Confederation is very angry with the King of Prussia for conducting the Danish negotiations, as though the minor States of Germany were of no account. The French press laid Denmark's misfortune at England's door, adding, that if she had been cordial with France, the Western Powers could also have saved Poland.

TOWN GOSSIP.

ONCE more we are about to talk of the draft. We do not know any subject so near to the hearts of the people—every one—as that same question of the conscription.

There is no distinction in the classes whom it will affect, the rich man feeling it in his pocket, when called on to disburse a thousand or two for a substitute, and the poor one feeling it in his person and his family.

For the first we have no sympathy; it is full time that the rich should do something towards this war, and we cannot believe that the man who goes out with his life in his hands can receive too much as bounty for so doing. New York city started on this belief and was liberal to profusion, but a change has come over the spirit of the dream, and now the wealthy town bows before the energy and money of the country, or, in other words, New York, ridden to death by scurvy politicians, has allowed the time to go by when she could have filled her quota, and for the sake of a few millions of dollars, a drop in the bucket of her wealth, has let every little village take away her men by the inducement of higher bounties. There are numberless towns about us that pay \$600 cash to one year man, while New York pays only \$300 to three year men, and pays even that brutally and grudgingly. The result is that our city is enlisting no men, and to make the matter worse, is, under the prompting of some of these same scurvy politicians, attempting—as we hope, vainly—to sneak out of her duty by trying to prove that she alone has enlisted some 30,000 men in the navy, almost as great a number as there is in it altogether. In two weeks, therefore, New York will be given up to the conscription, and 30,000 men taken away, bountiless and perhaps penniless, to the field. For this they may thank only themselves, and it is to be hoped that when they return to their homes they will be honest enough in the future to attend to their political rights and vote for honest men; not for a politician who can see nothing that has not a money-making job in it.

From the sublime to the ridiculous. We have discussed the draft, we are now about to fly to omnibuses. We know of how little use such discussion is, but still we hope that some day a millennium will come and the little social abuses under which people writh in large cities will be crushed out by a popular storm of indignation, enough to deter future violators of individual sovereignty from attempting their deeds without fully considering the penalty.

It was a supposable case that when the people submitted without a murmur to the advance in price, that it would have inspired the proprietors and drivers to civility and attention in proportion, but, *au contraire*, it seems to have actuated them to assume the position of conquerors, and generated impudence. Within the week we have witnessed at least half-a-dozen cases that should have required the attention of the police, if it were not a characteristic of New Yorkers that they allow themselves to be trodden on without offering even words of resistance. We have seen a driver retain a 50 cent. currency bill, not having change, and refuse to return it until he had carried the owner several blocks past his destination. We have seen a driver refuse to release the strap and let a lady out, who—the driver having no pennies for a ten cent. stamp—could only give him seven cents. In that case the application of a gentleman's knife to the leather speedily released the prisoner. We have heard a driver on a fashionable line apply his mouth to the pay hole and pour through it a torrent of profanity and abuse that would have made it justifiable had he been jerked through the aperture, even though it had been one-half smaller.

Coupled with such abuses as this there is a class of passengers who ride in public conveyances who are public nuisances. The man who crosses his legs or puts his foot upon his knee, allowing a dirty boot to wipe itself on good clothes passing him, is a nuisance of the first water, and managers of city railroads are especially recommended to consider him in their instructions to conductors. The man who gets in chewing the stump

of an unlighted cigar, and declines to throw it away because he is not smoking, and consequently stench the whole conveyance, is a filthy nuisance. The man who sits sideways when the seat is crowded is a nuisance. The man who jiggles in a crowded seat is a nuisance. The man who in getting out lifts his feet so high as to wipe the knees of every passenger is a nuisance. The woman who walks on a muddy day, and brings a slushed dress to bespatter and smear all, is a nuisance. The woman that spreads her skirts over several seats, and scowls at every new comer, is a nuisance. The woman who brings large baskets inside, and will not trust them to the driver, is the same, and to the woman who insists upon crowding herself in when every seat is filled, making every one else uncomfortable, we say ditto, ditto, ditto, with all our heart.

An incident comes to our knowledge this week which we have not noticed printed elsewhere we relate. Its locality is Philadelphia, but the moral applies equally to New York, and shows for the hundredth time the importance of having gentlemen and men of humanity as officers of the police, if we cannot have them in the ranks. Mr. Sylvester O. Post, President of the National Life Insurance Company, and once on Gen. Fremont's staff, had occasion to go to Philadelphia a few days since on business. While there he complained of not feeling well, and towards evening on parting with a friend spoke of his head troubling him. An hour afterwards he was found by a policeman on the sidewalk, and without question or examination dragged to the station-house and thrust into a cell as a drunkard, where in a short time he was found dead. The jury declared his death had arisen "from causes unknown." Had we been upon that jury we should have found the death caused by brutality and ill-usage, and recommended the perpetrators into custody for murder.

Among the movements inaugurated in New York to ameliorate the condition of the middle and lower classes, and somewhat guard against the high prices of the present and coming season, is that of associations of families to purchase the necessities of life, in quantities, from first hands, and thereby do away with the infamous system of middle-men. We have seen this plan in operation both in the coal and provision line. In the first the saving was equal to 30 per cent. by sending an agent to the mines and making a special contract for delivery, and in the last a saving in some cases of 100 per cent. To explain this it will be necessary to tell that speculators and hucksters have got our market laws so arranged that a farmer bringing his produce to the city must dispose of it before eight o'clock, or leave. The result is that he is forced to dispose of it to these dealers, as heads of families seldom reach the market as early as this. We have seen, within a week, vegetables and fruit bought by an agent of an association of families at the undersold prices:

	Potatoes	\$2 00 a bushel.	Dealers' price	\$3 00
	Tomatoes	50 "	"	1 00
	Beets	3 a bunch.	"	7 "
	Lima Beans	50 a bushel.	"	1 00
	Squashes	1 00 a barrel.	"	2 00
	Turnips	1 00 "	"	1 50
	Cabbage	7 50 a hundred.	"	13 00
	Apples	75 a bushel.	"	1 50
	Peaches	1 00 "	"	1 50
	Musk Melons	75 "	"	3 00
	Water Melons	8 00 a hundred.	"	20 00

All this is simply a fact and capable of demonstration to any one who will go at daylight along Greenwich street towards Washington Market, and question the country people who swarm the street with wagons laden with all the wealth of the soil. Even when they sell in small quantities, the saving is equal to 50 per cent. on the prices of market men. In truth Washington Market is a humbug, and any housekeeper who braves the dirt and stench will find that they can buy just as good and 33 per cent. cheaper in their own neighborhood. We have had within a few days a dealer in the market charge us 60 cents for a half peck of peaches, better than which we had bought that very morning in a small grocery up-town for 40, and 75 cents for a water melon, the superior of which we had just got in the same way for 35 cents.

All these things are worthy the consideration of housekeepers, and might, properly followed up, very much alleviate the distress that must ensue the coming winter, and perhaps have the effect of driving some of the rascally horde of speculators and middle men into honest occupations, or into the army, where their thews and sinews would meet appreciation.

From these subjects, with a jump, let us go to the way New York is amusing herself.

The sensation of the week has been the debut of Miss Olive Logan at Wallack's Theatre, and before we say anything either of the lady or the piece in which she appeared, we wish to denounce the style of criticism with which she has been favored by certain newspapers, calling themselves respectable, of this city. We fail to see that any domestic relation, or any matter of private life, has ought to do with the performer upon the stage. The public and the critic have no right to ask whether the lady, if it be a lady, is maid, wife, widow or divorced woman. She presents herself for their suffrages as an actress, not as a wife, a mother, nor to bear upon her shoulders the prejudices or dislikes that may justly or unjustly belong to her husband, brother or father. Miss Olive Logan, whom we have just a faint recollection of having seen years ago in some Western city, is of the middle size, neat and compact in form, with a proper stage look for anything but tragedy. She is a good dresser, and with a wealth of hair that is in itself almost equal to a success. She is the daughter of Logan the comedian, who will be remembered by New Yorkers as connected with Burton's Chamber street Theatre, and sister of Miss Eliza Logan, who, though not favoring this city with a taste of her quality, stands well through the West. Miss Olive Logan is the wife of the musical editor of the New York Herald, and hence much of the ill-natured notice bestowed upon the lady.

Miss Logan possesses talent of an unquestionable order. What there is of her is nature, and nature that overdoes acting. Though we have never seen the lady in private life, we feel assured that, as she played Eveleen, she acts her part in every day affairs. She has force and vehemence, too much for anything less than tragedy, and yet not suitable for tragedy. A very short time, under proper advice, will calm this down, and the lady is still young enough to profit by all criticism and improve by that study which she will certainly seek. We know this by marking the great change between the first and last nights of Eveleen: the first being almost a failure from the overacting of the heroine, the last almost a success from its manifest improvement.

Of the play, we can only say that it was of the highest sensation school, the first two acts especially presenting tableaux of the most telling order, the third act of the harrowing style, and the last dragging weakly along to the most wretched milk and watery conclusion. The play is put forth as the emanation of Miss Logan's pen, but betrays the hand of a man, and that one who is a reader of Dickens and an admirer. With a proper redressing and strengthening of the last act, "Eveleen" can be made a decidedly clever sensational play, and just the thing for the provincial market.

The Winter Garden is still running Clarke in "Everybody's Friend" and "The Rough Diamond," unto which, as they seem to please the public, we have no objection.

Kilbo's gives Miss Heron six nights of "Camille," after which Forrest takes possession, and, as we suppose, will give us a hundred nights or so.

The Broadway response, newly painted, puttied and draped, with Mr. John Owens, and cannot fail to make a success, the house and the location both tending to that consummation.

Barnum has got his whale, all alive, in the new tank, and visitors can indulge their proclivities in that line in a way not yet at all before. The pantomime company are still at the Museum, drawing crowded houses, and will, according to present appearances, do the same for some weeks.

CLARKE'S photographic gallery, to which by the politeness of A. Pennal, the gentlemanly director, we are indebted for a portrait of Franz Muller, engraved in this paper, will repay a visit. We noticed several very fine and striking likenesses, among which we may name those of St. P. Willis, Esq., Commissioner Acton, Chanfrau and others.

BOOK NOTICES.

TEN ACRES ENOUGH: A Practical Experience, showing how a very small farm may be made to keep a very large family, with extensive and profitable experience in the cultivation of the smaller fruits. New York: James Miller, 12mo, 25¢ pp.

This is one of the most charming books issued of late years. It is impossible to read without becoming interested in the intelligent and well-directed struggle of the man who abandoned the trials of a small manufacturing business in a city to see what mind and energy could do in cultivating a small piece of ground. To many situated like him it will be a stimulus, a lesson and a guide; to older farmers it will give some valuable hints; to the general reader, and especially to the young, it will prove a most attractive little volume. The style is fresh, full of interest, and there is enough of his domestic life woven in to give character and point to the whole.

GENERAL ORDERS OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT, embracing the years 1861, 1862 and 1863, adapted specially for the use of the Army and Navy of the United States, chronologically arranged. In two volumes. With a full alphabetical index. By THOMAS M. O'BRIEN and OLIVER DREYFUS, Military Attorneys, Leavenworth, Kansas. New York: 2 vols., 8vo, 473, 711 pp.

The General Orders of the War Department affect and control so many various interests in the country, as to render their collection a matter of necessity. Messrs. O'Brien and Dreyfus have here given the whole well and accurately printed, and what renders their edition of inestimable value, furnished with a full index. It thus becomes indispensable to Staff Officers of Department and Division Headquarters, Paymasters, Quartermasters, Mustering and Disbursing Officers, Commissioners, Provost Marshals, and, in fact, the whole Staff and Line of the Army. To every branch of the service, the concise and complete form of the publication will prove convenient, and peculiarly commended to State authorities and their militia organizations, also, to Military associations, clerks in various Departments of Government, and libraries throughout the Union. Historians of the War, Editors and others will find their labors of research vastly curtailed by its chronological arrangement and full index.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The military age, as stated in the enrollment law, is between 20 and 45, and not between 18 and 45, as some suppose.

The regular meeting of the Union Central Committee of this city was held on the 28th Aug. A committee was appointed to visit Washington and endeavor, by all honorable means, to secure to the credit of New York the 24,000 men enlisted as sailors and marines, and not yet credited to the country.

The official recapitulation of the public debt up to Aug. 15 shows it to be \$1,869,274,000 or \$9,561,000 more than the previous week's statement. The unpaid requisitions are nearly \$80,000,000, and the amount in the Treasury over \$18,000,000. The debt bearing no interest has been decreased \$9,632,000, while the debt bearing interest is lawful money has been increased \$17,000,000, and debt bearing interest in coin \$2,000,000.

The Attorney-General having decided that the law of last session concerning the pay of colored troops gives them the same money, clothing, etc., as white soldiers get, orders have been issued to carry out the law and the decision.

The plasterers of Brooklyn held a mass meeting on the 26th of August, at which it was resolved to charge \$3 50 per day for their labor.

The Valley Forge Base Ball Club of New York played a match with the Kearsarge Club of Hoboken, in which New Jersey triumphed by 32 to 13. There was much interest evinced by the spectators.

A wealthy gentleman in New Jersey, a few days since, enlisted as a substitute a stalwart and patriotic Canadian, paying him \$800, and expending a considerable sum for an outfit. When they parted the recruit promised, at the request of his principal, to write at the first opportunity. The gentleman was a little surprised at receiving a letter from his man, dated Quebec, informing him that his money had enabled the substitute and his wife to set up a corner grocery, and that they were doing well, and that if his patron would give him a call he should have a drink gratis.

The Peekskill Democrat says that one day last week three sharks, the largest measuring over five feet in length, were captured in the Hudson river, near Underhill's point, Westchester County. They were of the cannibal tribe, regular man-eaters, and there are probably more of the same sort raiding up and down the river, seeking whom they may devour.

A convention of editors and proprietors of weekly newspapers, in Western and Central New York, was held on Monday in Rochester, which was largely attended. D. D. T. Moore, of the *Rural New Yorker*, was called to the chair, and Edgar Parker, of the *Geneva Gazette*, appointed Secretary. The principal business of the convention was the adoption of a tariff of advertising and other prices suited to the times. A large advance in all departments of advertising was agreed upon, and also of 50 per cent. for job work.

Last week, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch, a number of cannon were shipped from Reading to New York, and upon their arrival it was found that five had been spiked on the way—two or three so effectually as to necessitate the boring of new ones. So well known has this source of mischief been since the outbreak of the war that it has been deemed essential, for many months, to send a special agent on the train with every lot of cannon shipped eastward from this point, and to presume the practice is still maintained. No effort should be spared to ferret out the persons concerned in thus injuring the national cause, and, when discovered, their punishment should be in some degree commensurate with their offence.

Western.—A dispatch from Fort Kearney reports the arrival of Gen. Curtis there to look after the hostile Indians. All the agents, stock and coaches of the Overland Stage Company had been collected at the fort for protection. All the white inhabitants as far west as Denver had taken refuge at the fort or other military posts, the roads swarming with red skins. The road from Fort Kearney to Omaha had been deserted by whites. The Pawnees are said to have agreed with Gen. Curtis to fight for our sake. The dispatch adds that the news sent eastward about Indian atrocities has not been exaggerated.

In consequence of indications pointing to resistance to the draft in Ohio, Gov. Brough, of that State, has issued a proclamation warning the people against such a course, and pointing out the sad penalties which will be sure to follow any such rash attempt.

Northern.—Frazier & Randolph advertise in the Richmond Sentinel that the Rockbridge Alum Springs (Va.) are open to visitors, and that their terms for this season will be \$20 per day, payable in the new issue.

Among the inducements advertised in Southern papers in favor of certain war-places is their "remoteness from danger." One landlord describes his place as one not troubled by a late Union raid, and that "there is nothing about or around to attract the enemy, unless they are in search of health, good water, a pure and healing atmosphere, and unsurpassed mountain scenery."

Mrs. Lucinda Chipman, a former resident of New London, Conn., arrived in that place on the 22d Aug. from Macon, Ga., where she has resided for the last four years. She confirms the accounts of actual destitution in rebellion, and says that corn meal and a few vegetables constitute the staple of life, while clothing, beyond the absolute necessary, is impossible to be had. The cost of the cheapest calico dress in this land of cotton is \$100 in Confederate money. The honest and industrious portion of the people are anxious the war

may be ended, but the slaveholders and leading men are determined to prosecute it to the bitter end.

Hon. Pierre Soule, from the Confederate States, arrived at Havana on the 7th ult. His business, as of a public nature, is unknown.

Naval.—The final shots that terminated the career of the Tennessee were fired by the Monitor Chickasaw, which passed close under her stern, giving her the full weight of two 11-inch solid shots from her bow turret, which damaged the cover of the ram's sternpost. Buchanan went aft with his engineer to readjust the port cover. While engaged in this operation the Chickasaw brought her after turret to bear, one shot from which carried away the tiller chains of the Tennessee, rendering her unmanageable, while the other, entering the damaged port, killed one man and fractured Buchanan's leg with splinters. Having already lost her smokestack, the rebel ship was now utterly helpless. She was therefore surrendered at once, hauling down her colors to the Chickasaw, Lieutenant Commander Perkins commanding.

Personal.—Mr. Coventry Patmore, the poet and author of "The Angel in the House," has recently become a convert to the Roman Catholic religion.

Alexander S. Johnson, of New York, has been appointed Commissioner, under the treaty of July 1863, to settle the claims of the Hudson's Bay and Fugate Sound Agricultural Company, in the place of Daniel S. Dickinson, declined.

Mr. Fernando Wood made a speech at Dayton, Ohio (Vandalia's home), on the 2d, in the course of which he told his hearers that the Chicago Convention would be unanimous in the nomination of a Peace candidate, on a Peace platform.

Obituary.—Col. Abel D. Streight, of the 51st Indiana, who is reported killed in the attack on Dalton, Ga., on the 16th, was the officer who made the famous raid through Alabama, was taken prisoner by the rebels, and after enduring unheard hardships in Libby Prison, succeeded in escaping, and reached the North with several of his comrades.

The Hon. John Appleton died in Portland, Me., on the 22d inst. He was in Congress in 1850; was Secretary of Legation when Buchanan was Minister to England, and afterwards Assistant-Secretary of State. At one time he was the owner of the *Eastern Argus*, a Democratic daily paper in Portland.

Miss Catherine Sinclair is dead. She was the daughter of Sir John Sinclair, and was born in Edinburgh in the year 1800. She was early distinguished both for literary talent and benevolence. Her first publications were two little volumes for children, called "Charlie Seymour" and "The Lives of the Cæsars." In 1836 her first novel appeared, entitled "Modern Accomplishments," followed by "Modern Society." The popularity of these works is evidenced by the fact that 30,000 of them have been sold in England. Since then she has written a number of other and equally successful productions, among which are "Cross Purposes," "Hill and Valley," "The Journey of Life," "The Business of Life," "The Mysterious Marriage," "Modern Flirtations," "Lord and Lady Harcourt," and "Beatrice." The latter part of her life was principally devoted to minister to the instruction and comfort of the poor. She caused seats and fountains to be erected in the most crowded thoroughfares of her native city, and delivered public lectures to the lower classes. Many of her books have been reprinted here and enjoyed an extensive circle of readers.

Dr. Jonathan Knight, an eminent physician, and for many years Professor of Yale College, died at his residence in New Haven on the 25th August, aged 75.

Hon. John Appleton, of Maine, died at his residence in Park street, Portland, on Monday afternoon, August 22, after a protracted illness. He was born in Beverly, Mass., on Feb. 11, 1815, graduated at Bowdoin in 1834, and was admitted to the bar of Maine in 1837. In 1838 he became connected with the Portland *Eastern Argus* as editor, and continued in that connection for some years. He also acted as Register of Probate for the county of Cumberland for some time. In 1845 he became chief clerk in the Navy Department, and was subsequently chief clerk in the State Department. In 1848 he accepted the post of Charge d'Affaires of the United States to Bolivia, and on his being superseded, after Gen. Taylor's election, he returned to Portland and commenced the practice of law in partnership with Judge Nathan Clifford, now of the United States Supreme Court. He served as a member from the Portland district in the Thirty-second Congress, and in 1855 went out with Mr. Buchanan as Secretary of Legation at London. Afterwards he acted as Assistant Secretary of State when Mr. Buchanan was President. He has since lived in retirement, in consequence of ill health.

Charles Wentworth Dilke, the principal proprietor and for many years editor of the London *Albion*, died on the 10th of August, in the 76th year of his age. His career was commenced in the Navy Pay-office, Somerset-house; but from a very early age literature was the favorite pursuit of his leisure hours, and thus tendency ultimately led to his becoming proprietor of the *Albion*, which under his able management quickly assumed a leading position as a literary journal. For a while Mr. Dilke had an interest in the *Daily News*, reducing, but without sufficient pecuniary return, the price of that paper. Retiring from *News* he devoted much time to reading, frequently enriching the columns of the *Albion* with contributions from his pen.

Accidents and Offences.—A railroad bridge in North Portland, Maine, was struck by lightning and destroyed on Tuesday night. Many buildings were blown down by the wind.

The schooner T. W. Miner, of New York, bound for New Orleans, was struck by lightning on the 19th, and consumed.

Art, Science and Literature.—Another treasure to the art world has been discovered. A hitherto unknown work by Benvenuto Cellini is said to have been found, a short time since, by a soldier who was looking for birds' nests in the ruins of Pistoia. It is a large silver goblet of the most exquisite workmanship.

Here is a paragraph from the *Albion* which should interest Americans: "A picture of no ordinary interest has just been secured by the Directors of the National Portrait Gallery. It is the portrait of S. T. Coleridge, painted by the American artist, Washington Allston, considered by Wordsworth and other friends of the poet the most satisfactory likeness that ever was painted by him."

A new spider has been discovered at the Ararat diggings in Australia. It is about half the size of the common tarantula, and is banded longitudinally with alternate stripes of a very dark green and gray. The back is furnished with a kind of shell, to which there are 50 entrances, from which young spiders may be seen leaving and again returning after a short stay outside.

Foreign.—In the English mint there were coined within the last year 5,921,000 sovereigns, 1,371,574 half-sovereigns, 938,529 florins, 859,320 shillings, 491,040 sixpences, 4,158 fourpences, 954,868 threepences, 4,792 silver twopences, 7,290 silver pence, and of copper coins 28,062,730 pence, 15,945,500 halfpence, and 1,453,690 farthings. There have been coined in the last 10 years 47,622,614 sovereigns, 126,725,150 copper pence, and 164,502,585 halfpence.

Lord de Ros, an English nobleman, debating the question of public schools, expressed himself in favor of fagging, at the same time boasting that he himself had repeatedly blacked the shoes of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and he thought it had done him good!

At the Alferi theatre, in Paris, an opera has lately been played which has the strange title of "Orange-Orange."

The Duchess of Beaufort has been elected a "Fellow" of the Zoological Society of London.

The English are giving up their idolatry for personal isolation in railways since the late murder. The southwestern directors have ordered a glazed circular

aperture to be placed in each of their carriages. These apertures, says the *Railway News*, will be provided with curtains, so as to insure privacy to the passengers, but will, at the same time, in the event of an assault by one individual upon another in any one of the carriages, afford to the occupant of an adjoining compartment the means of identifying the offenders.

An act of Parliament has been passed in England to close all refreshment saloons at 1 A.M. It was put in force lately, and caused quite a sensation in the fashionable streets of London by the midnight revellers being suddenly turned into the street.

During a performance at Rome, in a piece in which some soldiers were to fire on an actor who performed as part of a sea captain, the men happened to stand too close, and the wadding of one of the pieces penetrated to the heart of the performer, killing him on the spot.

A curious custom is getting very prevalent in Vienna. Caricatures and other photographic representations of the deceased are inserted in their tombstones, covered with glass.

Among the novelties in London speculation we hear of an ice company, with a capital of £50,000.

The prodigious fertilizing qualities of the soil of Lincolnshire are thus described by one of the *Jenkinsons* of the London press, in speaking of the man whom Lady Florence Paget (these Pagets have always been queer and their affairs have often been in the divorce courts) fitted for the wild Marquis of Hastings, the grandson of the Lord Bawdon whose name is found often in the history of our Revolution. This soil, it says, produced the fitted gentleman "a rental of £40,000 a year and endowed him with every quality to render him a desirable party."

The Italian Government has just published the results of the first census taken since the different annexations. The population of the entire kingdom is now 21,777,334 souls, so that Italy is the fifth power in Europe by the number of its inhabitants, being superior to Spain and Prussia, the territory of which countries is, however, considerably larger. The average population of a commune in Italy is 2,821 inhabitants, while in France it is only 978, but in a given extent of country there are twice as many communes in France as in Italy.

Chit-Chat.—Late Paris fashions mention a general vanishing away and disappearance of bonnets. Birds, bouqs of trees, kitchen gardens, all, all gone! In April every lady wore upon her head the foliage, the fruits, the flying things of an island of the Pacific. In June the astonished opera glass explores the brilliant crowd almost in vain to find one vestige of a bonnet. The bonnet has retreated to the extreme rear; it barely flanks the extreme right and left wings of the wild and voluminous coiffures into which fashionable beauty twists, puffs, expands and frizzes its own hair, and all the other hair upon which it can lay its hands.

A volunteer named Potter, who lost one of his legs while serving in the Army of the Potomac, swam recently from Fort Trumbull to the steamboat landing in Groton, over a mile. He was brought back in a boat.

Mr. Bateman, the father of the great tragic actress, was brought before a London magistrate, a few days since, charged with an assault on a lady, growing out of a theatrical scandal. The case was sent for trial.

Letters from Rome, says the *Courier des Etats Unis*, state that Pius IX. intends to make Archbishop McCloskey Cardinal. There being a larger number of Roman Catholics in this country than in England, their clergy, it is claimed, are entitled to this distinction. The late Archbishop Hughes died before obtaining from the Pope that mark of esteem, with which, it is believed, his successor will be honored.

Of Dundreary Sothorn they tell a story in Baden just now which is amusing. It seems that Mr. Sothorn passed through Baden a few days ago; but nobody save his intimate friends recognized in the quiet gentleman in mufti the amusing "fellow" of the Haymarket. So Mr. Sothorn went his way unbothered, for the "monstrous digito" is a bore when one is looking for peace and quiet. When he had gone away it got rumored at the rooms that he had just arrived here, and the very same evening, during the performance of the band, there was a general exclamation of "There he is!" as an unlikely visitor, not to the actors but to the character, lounged unconsciously up to the portico and sat down. Yes, there he was, with glass and whiskers, dressed in a Cochon-Chinois coat, and looked exactly like the "Dundreary," so familiar to all the English, and even to many of the Continentals here. One English family—father, mother—both wearing spectacles—two daughters and a son from college—were in the agonies of delight. The unfortunate man dropped his hat, and they were in fits. Entering the "Conversation House," he stumbled over the step, and there he lay in raptures. "Now, Mrs. B.," says B., "I did promise I would not enter that nasty play-room, but I am dashed if I must not go and see that chap lose his money."

FINANCIAL PARALLELS.

One of the favorite methods of the English press at this time, when they wish to touch the "raw spot" of American feeling, is to speak of our financial course in this war as something insane and unheard of. The suspension of specie payments in 1861 was met with a howl of derision; the issue of legal tender was treated as if such a mad measure had never been heard of in history; and the increase of paper circulation, with the depreciation consequent, the rise in prices and the active speculation, were detailed in London journals with the exultation with which a man might regard the sudden and marvellous ruin of his worst enemy.

One would think that no nation, before the universal Yankee, had ever suspended specie payments, or carried on war with paper money, or speculated on an inflated currency, or had supported heavy debts by means of heavy taxation and customs.

When New York proposed to pay her foreign fundholders in depreciated currency (a measure which we always deprecated as utterly needless and unwise), a general cry arose in the "Tory press of England at "Yankee dishonesty." "Reputability" was the mildest epithet put upon it. It would be supposed that no European State—least of all Great Britain—had ever paid foreign fundholders in depreciated currency, but that such unexampled knavery was reserved alone for Americans and those of the Northern States. And so profoundly ignorant are large masses of the English public even of their own history, that we have little doubt many a respectable Englishman thinks our financial course as new and original as it is disgraceful.

Any American of common reading knows that no long wars have been carried on without paper money; and the course of this country in preserving its financial life has a sufficiently exact parallel, financially, in the course of England, when seeking to ruin Napoleon. For 18 years Great Britain expended specie payments in her desperate struggle with France. Bank of England notes were made, in effect, "legal tender," by every person being protected from arrest who offered them in payment of a debt, and by the bank being guarded by law from any suit for nonpayment of its notes. For 18 years there was thus in Great Britain an inconvertible paper currency. From 1797 to 1815 the Bank of England tripled its circulation, and the country banks increased from 200 in the same time to 940, or almost five times.

The depreciation was, of course, enormous, not shown so much in the price of gold, which only reached 41 in 1812-13, owing to causes which need not here be specified, but especially in values—£1 in paper became worth but 10s. in 1812, and, according to Doubleday, fell to 7s. or 8s.—that is, a depreciation of nearly 70 per cent. The price of wheat rose from 5s. 1d. a quarter in 1797 to 13s. 5d. in 1812; oats, from 15s. 9d. to 44s.; wool, from 3s. 8d. to 10s. The rent of arable land increased from 26s. 3d. to the 100 acres in 1790, to 216s. 12s. 7d. in 1812. But, unlike America, no increase of prices arose in England from diminished labor; on the contrary, labor was supplied in abundance and wages

did not rise with other values; the final rise being only about 20 per cent. in many parishes.

In this depreciated currency, worth 40 or 50 per cent. below what the foreign fundholders had supposed themselves pledged to receive, did England pay her former creditors. Individuals, of course, complained, but it was manifest she could do nothing else, and this "repudiation" has never, we believe, been thrown in her teeth. The enormous volume of paper-money, amounting, according to the best authorities, to £450,000,000 in 1815, naturally stimulated speculation and extravagance to the highest degree, and left its bad effects on the national habits. It served also (as it has done here) to stimulate some very useful branches of production.

Still, despite all the inflation, and with a public debt in 1815 of some \$3,700,000,000, England resumed specie payments within four years after the termination of the war, and began a career of prosperity which has made her the richest nation of the world. The financial experiences of America are no new thing. They have very nearly their counterpart during the struggle of Great Britain with France, with the immense advantage to us that our working-classes were never in a more prosperous condition. Even the fall in Government funds of late, which has so alarmed some timid people, had more than its parallel in England, when consols fell from 107 in 1797 to 41½ in 1798, and 52½ in 1815, the two latter estimated in depreciated currency. Heavy taxation carried the credit of England through, and still enables her to bear her debt. What she bore for the balance of power, we, with far greater resources, can surely bear for national existence, and with a much better financial issue before us.

A STEAM-ENGINE FOR THIRTY-ONE CENTS!

One of our learned professors tells us that when he was a boy he made a working steam-engine at an expense of 31 cents, and perhaps some of our young readers would like to know how it was done.

He took an empty powder-canister, a, and inserting a perforated cork into the opening, pressed the end of a small lead pipe, b, into the hole in the cork. The lead pipe terminated at the opposite end in a Barker-mill engine, c. The construction of this mill by a tinman was the principal cost of the machine. It was made by soldering a horizontal tube across a vertical tube, so that the interiors of the two were in open communication with each other, the ends of the tube being closed. The lower end of the vertical tube terminated in a conical stop, and where the pipe entered at the upper end it was surrounded by soft or picked rope, stuffed in steam-tight, and greased so that the tube could revolve with little friction. A minute opening was made in the side of each arm of the horizontal tube near the end—the holes being in opposite sides. The canister was nearly filled with hot water before the cork was inserted, and when the water was made to boil by placing a lamp under it, the engine revolved with great velocity.

A mill like this might be made to turn a spit or to grind coffee. A sawmill in this city was driven nearly 20 years by a mill of this form, though constructed, of course, of more substantial materials.

NOTES ON SCIENCE.

Formation of Coral Islands.

M. DE ROCAS announces to the Academy of Sciences the result of his inspection of coral islands in various parts of the globe as not in harmony with the accepted theory in France. That theory assumes that the polypæ which build up the earthy substance of these islands cease to build when the edifice reaches the low tide mark; and that the subsequent deposit from the waves dashing over its surface completes the elevation. M. de Rocas thinks that the first part of this statement is correct; the second part is incorrect. He attributes the elevation above the surface of the water to volcanic agency. "No coral island without an upheaval which pushes above the surface of the water the coral abandoned by the polypæ;" that is, the formula of his experience. He finds the surface free from the attrition and fractures which would result from the throwing over them of pebbles and sand by the waves; and he also finds the coral, in many places where no upheaval has raised it above the surface, remaining in precisely the same position in which it was observed long ago, with no accumulation of debris on its surface.

Mystic Pond.

SUCH is the name given to a lake in the vicinity of Charleston, S. C., examined and reported on by civil engineers employed for procuring for that city a supply of pure water. The surface water of this lake, to a certain depth, is very pure, containing only four grains of solid matter per gallon. But this stratum reposes on a denser and much more saline water, containing 69 grains of salt per gallon. On lowering a slip of silvered copper vertically, so as to be partially immersed in the lower stratum for some hours, all above was found unaltered and all below the line of demarcation sulphurized by electro-chemical action, the transition being so abrupt that within the distance of one-fourth of an inch action and no action were marked.

Manufacture of the Voice.

VERILY the marvels of mechanical ingenuity are inexhaustible! To all those which were displayed at the International Exhibition, there is one now to be seen in Paris which would have been a striking addition. Hitherto the complexity and delicacy of the mechanism on which the human voice depends were considered hopelessly beyond human skill to reproduce; nevertheless, a German, named Faber, has succeeded in the imitation of the human voice, and is now exhibiting the figure of a woman with a larynx formed of a caoutchouc tube, not indeed so slightly as a human larynx, but which so accurately imitates the human mechanism, that it gives out two whole octaves with the tone and pitch of a female voice. In the higher notes the resemblance to the human voice is said to be close enough to deceive any ear. Hitherto all the exhibitions of speaking machines have been either squeaking machines or impostures, but in this one, if we may rely on the reliable *Cornet*, the actual fibres of the human voice is reproduced, and the figure is made to sing any song within the compass of two octaves.

APPEARANCE OF THE SUN FROM THE NORTH POLE.

POLE.—To a person standing at the north pole, the sun appears to sweep horizontally around the sky every 24 hours without any perceptible variation during its circuit in its distance from the horizon. On the 21st of June it is 23 deg. 38 min. above the horizon, a little more than one-fourth of the distance to the zenith, the highest point that it ever reaches. From this altitude it slowly descends, its track being represented by a spiral or screw with a very fine thread, and in the course of three months it worms its way down to the horizon, which it reaches on the 23d of September. On this day it slowly sweeps around the sky with its face half hidden below the icy sea. It still continues to descend, and after it has entirely disappeared it still seems near the horizon that it carries a bright twilight around the heavens in its daily circuit. As the sun sinks lower and lower, this twilight gradually grows fainter till it fades away. On the 20th of December the sun is 23 deg. 26 min. below the horizon, and this is the midnight of the dark winter of the pole. From this date the sun begins to ascend, and after a time his return is heralded by a faint dawn which circles slowly around the horizon, completing its circuit every 24 hours. The dawn grows gradually brighter, and on the 20th of March the peaks of ice are gilded with the first level rays of the six months' day. The bringer of this long day continues to wind his spiral way upwards, till he reaches his highest place on the 21st of June, and his annual course is completed.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—SCENE ON THE FARM OF S. R. FRITCHARD, WHERE SHIELDS FOUGHT STONEWALL JACKSON IN 1862, AND WHERE CROOK WAS DEFEATED IN AUGUST, 1864.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

BATTLEFIELD OF WINCHESTER.

THE spot shown in our engraving is one where the contending armies have twice met in battle. Here, two years ago, Shields met Stonewall Jackson, and here but a few weeks since the gallant, devoted and unambitious Col. Mulligan was killed. The place goes by the name of Currentville, although the designation does

not often appear. It is the farm of S. R. Fritchard, and lies three miles from Winchester.

In the rear, surrounded by oak trees, are a church and schoolhouse. Here and in the more distant woods the rebels lay. Our men were posted behind the clapboard fences in the foreground and behind the ruinous stone wall. At the walnut tree on the left Col. Mulligan fell, pierced by three balls while rallying his men.

WAGON TRAIN PASSING RESACA BY TORCHLIGHT.

No General probably ever attempted a task like Sherman's, so far removed from the base of his operations. The line of railroad is so precarious a dependence that we can well understand the present attempt of the rebel Wheeler to save Atlanta, and perhaps destroy Sherman, by demolishing the road.

Chattanooga, burning bridges, blocking up tunnels, &c. The supplies are forwarded to Sherman under great danger, and the advantage is taken of the darkest nights. Our Artist shows a scene which would be interesting from its picturesque beauty, did not its importance invest it with an interest of a far deeper character. A wagon train is passing through the now battle-famous Resaca, guided in the darkness by the light of torches.



THE WAR IN GEORGIA—WAGON TRAIN PASSING RESACA AT NIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. F. HILLEN.

ORPHEUS;

Or, the Birth of Song.

BY ROSENBERG.

The blue Hills danced with Joy, and the ribbed
Leaves
Of the broad Chestnuts quivered—the lithe
Palms,
Bending their Whiplike Stems in the glad Air,
As golden Grain in a Sun-ripened Field,
Swept over by the swimming Evening Breeze,
Answers its toying Breath. All Nature throbb'd
Through its quick Pulse, responsive to the
Touch
That first awoke the Lyre, calling out Song,
Freshborn and joyous from its quivering
Wires—
New Threads on which great Thoughts and
Dreams were strung
Into the Web of the young Melody.

Wheeling through the blue Breadth of
cloudless Heaven,
The delicate Birds swept nearer; in the Grass
The crouching Panther sleeked its speckled
Hide,
With rasping Tongue, and quenched its fire-
lit Eyes
Beneath a strange Delight; beside it moved,
In many Coils, the pied and glittering Snake,
Glancing, a living Rainbow in the Gladness
Of its awakened Hearing; while the Doe
Forgot to browse, as on its gentle Ear
The unwonted Music rippled. Beast and
Flower,
Reptile and Bird, and Tree, and Cloud, and
Earth,
Ocean and Stream, woke to the first-born Song:
"Ere Music spake to ye, how chill and dark
Was Earth;
How Coarseness and Pollution stamped their Mark
On mortal Mirth.

God gave the Lyre. He bade me wake its Voice.
I heard,
And strike it. Let all worldly Things rejoice—
Beast, Herb and Bird.



ORPHEUS

It calls ye back to Life, whence ye had fled,
Since Birth
Woke all which ere that Wakening had been dead—
The Soul of Earth.

With gentle Song it speaks. All Life may hear
That will,
Grape-Cluster, green Fig, red Peach, Harvest-Ear
Swell, grow and fill;

The Date Tree rains its fruits—a luscious Hail—
On Earth;
Sun-rounded Melons from that Sun inhale
Their juicy Worth;

The Lion crouches by the Lamb's white side,
Subdued;
While the fierce Tiger's black and tawny Pride
Bathes not in Blood;

The Serpent weaves in long and swimming Rings
Its Girth;
Near it, the gray Dove's plumed and fluttering
Wings
Fan Grass and Earth;

The Eagle seeks the Thrush, and learns to build
A Nest,
Where Sunshine's mellow Flashes light and gild
Its speckled Breast;

The Hand of Man no more shall stain with Red
The Earth,
Whose Fruits and living Things with him were wed
By God from Birth.

God gave them all to him, to bloom and grow
In Love.
Love is the Spell of Joy with all below
And all above.

Then let him hail all Things, this side of Death,
With Mirth,
And twine from yearning Life, Love's gentle Wreath
Round all on Earth."

Scarcely the Song's extatic Voice died out
Than Man awoke. Shaking his Locks abroad,
He seemed to woo a fiercer Melody
Than that which crisped along his curling Hair
A few brief Moments since. Lifting his Spear,



MAJOR-GEN. R. OGLESBY, OF ILLINOIS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

He smote the Stag, whose twisted Antlers kept
Time to the Memory of the Music. With
The Blow roused all which dreamed.

The Leopard's Spots
Glanced through the Sunshine-dappled Green-
wood Shade,
As with a vigorous and a sudden Bound
He sprung upon the Lamb. Scarce were his
Teeth

Flesh'd in its Neck, than on his spotted Hide
Fell the fierce Lion's Paw—with broken Back,
But Jaws fast clinched, he writhed. Then,
swift as light,

The Boa loosened from its scaly Rings,
And shot around the mighty Brute a Coil
More mighty still. While his Bones crunched
and crackled,
And crunched again beneath its lapping
Strength,

Forth from his riven Mouth a Roar of Pain
Burst, Shrieklike. On the Dove the Eagle
stooped,

Rending its pale gray Plumage with iron Beak
And dapping them with Blood. And then the
Wind,

Smiting the Trees together, as in Sport,
Wrenched from the Sward their lusty timbered
Limbs

And tore them from each other. On its Wings
Came the swart Cloud and Tempest, lapping
Earth

In sable Gloom, and overshadowing All
That walked on Earth—Peal upon Peal brake
forth

The Thunder, while the arrowy Lightning
leapt
Out of its whilom Bondage, as it smote
Him who had slain the Deer.

When Orpheus saw
What chanced, in a white Agony he raised
His face to question God.

Then the Storm passed.
Beasts sought their Caverns—the undying Sun
Bathed Earth in living Light. In answering
Joy,
Earth veiled the uprooted Trees with a green
Cloak
Of Grass and Ivy—from the Lightning-slain
The rotting Flesh sank sluicelike, till it grew
A Screen of Wild Flowers round the whitening
Bones.

And even as he gazed, he saw that Life
Is twofold. Strife, and Love, and Joy, and
Pain,
The new-born Agony and young Delight
Are each Necessities. Without the One,
The Other were not Gladness. On his Lips
All Question died. As the Sun called out
Life
From Death, Belief learned that in Error lies



THE MURDER IN THE LAW CHAMBERS.

The appointed Death to Knowledge. Then he
struck
His Lyre to a new Prayer, the Prayer of Faith—
Faith in the Eternal Will—a Faith that All
Is as it is, because the Hand of God
Hath made it, Storm and Sunshine, Love and
Pain,
Each to draw Life from Each—Each Joy from
Each—
Each one small part of the completed Whole.

THE BROKEN BOND.

CHAPTER I.

At the time the event transpired with which
my story introduces itself I was an "Attorney at
Law" of one week's standing and repute. And
if any of my readers have ever known by personal
experience what it is to occupy such a position at
the bar, and in the world, they can adequately
appreciate the dignity and consequence of the in-
dividual who stood in my patent leathers at that
epoch. Visions of the bench were never secondary
to that of the Supreme Court of the United States,
with the seal of the Chief Justice in the fore-
ground; while in the gauzy interim were outlines
of scenes in the State Legislature, the Congress,
and especially the Senate of the United States, in
which my form, matured by years and partly de-
velopment, constituted an imposing feature, and
my eloquence had made eminent my name. That
name is not particularly impressive itself. It is
simply John Hart. My readers are aware that
there has been no Chief-Justice Hart of the United
States hitherto; consequently I have not yet
achieved that distinction.

I had survived by one week the period of my
noviciate as a student in the office of Philip Pled-
well, Esq., attorney at law, in a seaport town of
one of our Atlantic States. For reasons which
will be appreciated in the perusal of this narrative
I decline to be more explicit.

I went to Mr. Pledwell from an humble home,
My mother was a widow, and could do little to-
wards setting me up in the world; but she had
the acquaintance of several members of the bar,
and amongst the members Mr. Pledwell favor-
ably considered her desire that I should "be a
lawyer."



UMBRELLA COURTSHIP.

Upon obtaining my majority I passed an exami-
nation; and upon that very day took the usual
oath, entered my autograph in a firm hand on the
court's book, and was admitted to practise at the
bar. Thinks I, there is a name that will be fa-
mous. Among the *novi homines* of the future,
John Hart shall have a distinguished position
upon the scroll of fame. True, the prediction has
yet to be fulfilled.

Upon the evening of that day Mr. Pledwell as-
tonished me by proposing that I should become at
once a member of the firm, to be known hereafter
as Pledwell & Hart. Here was proof that I was
useful and appreciated; and Mr. Pledwell, who
was a bachelor of forty-five, had determined that I
should have no time to grow dissatisfied in an in-
ferior position while looking out for myself. True,
the partnership was only a small per centage of a
fair income for the first five years. But the offer
was an exceedingly liberal one, as it extended into
the future, "with the contingency, you know,"
said Mr. Pledwell, "of the whole business, in the
ordinary course of nature—what do you say?"

I did not like to throw myself into his arms, be-
cause I knew that would be unprofessional; and,
therefore, I only accepted the proposition at once,
with very sincere thanks, in the expression of
which I thought I was sufficiently careful not to
be too demonstrative.

"That will do—that will do," said Mr. Pledwell.
"You needn't think you get it for nothing. We
must both work hard, as usual; but hereafter I
shall give you a considerably larger share of the
burden than you have had hitherto. I shall work
my way as a pioneer for you; perhaps more di-
rectly and diligently into the civil courts, and the
district and circuit courts of the United States.
The criminal business will, in a few years, devolve
almost exclusively upon you."

"I am agreed, sir."
"You will prepare to make your *début* in the
case of Charley Weller. You will conduct the pre-
liminary examination for the defence, and follow
the attorney-general, with an opening before the
jury."

"Thank you, sir."

The interview closed, and I went to my boarding-house that night with an overwhelming sense of my coming greatness. One thought alone saddened me—it was not to my mother's home. How happy she would have been with such a consummation of her hopes and pride, for consummation it seemed to me. But, alas! she had been two years in her grave.

Something callow, I think my reader esteems my professional condition. True, but there are callow birds which snap their bills at an intruding hand; and I tell you what, I felt ready for and equal to a contest with anybody—sharp as a steel trap. Did not you, Mr. Attorney-General, on your admission day?

A week had passed away. The "shingle" at our office door already bore the names of Pledwell & Hart, and the day was brought to a close in which a crowded court-house, jury, bar and bench had heard my maiden speech in the case of the State vs. Charles Weller. It was a troublesome affair. A night row in the street, in which a policeman had been killed. It had occurred near election time. Several shots had been fired, one of which passed through the officer's lungs. Death ensued in about three hours. In his deposition, taken in *articulo mortis*, the officer stated that he identified only two of the party, "Bud" Brown and Charley Weller. "Bud" Brown had fled. The deceased did not attribute the fatal shot to either. Did not know that either had fired. We tried an *alibi*, but it failed—that was bad. But in my speech I was eloquent upon the flight of "Bud," and the evidence of conscious innocence which restrained "our unfortunate client" from such an insane act of concession as flight. I am afraid he had no opportunity to get off after he heard he was identified in the deposition. Mr. Pledwell followed with an able argument, relying mainly upon the mitigation of the offence, hoping to reduce it from murder in the second degree to manslaughter, or simple riot; and notwithstanding the effort of the attorney-general, who was instigated possibly by some political feeling, to press conviction for the higher offence, the jury, in the absence of direct testimony, would find only for riot. It was a compromise verdict, and Weller got eighteen months in jail, with which he expressed himself "satisfied." He escaped the penitentiary; "That," said he, "was the winning move."

CHAPTER II.

The trial had not closed till six o'clock in the evening. It was on the 28th of November—as I have had occasion to remember ever since. The prisoner was at once removed from the court-house to the jail. The crowd had dispersed, and gathering up our books and papers, Mr. Pledwell and myself were about the last to leave the building. The streets in the immediate vicinity of the court-house were not much frequented after dark, and that in which our office was situated was quite retired. It is desirable that the reader should distinctly understand the locality. From the street there was a "blind court" receding to the depth of about sixty feet. The houses in this court, and the small street from which it receded, were almost entirely occupied as lawyers', conveyancers' and kindred offices assimilating with the legal profession. These houses had been expressly built for offices, and they all had double entrances—that is to say a door right and left at an angle of forty-five degrees with the front, and a flight of stairs between them leading to the apartments above.

As Mr. Pledwell and myself approached the entrance to the court, I first became sensible of light from one of the offices (which must have been very dimly reflected from the wall of the court into the street) by its sudden extinguishment. Mr. Pledwell, it seems, had not noticed it, and I said nothing about it, for I supposed that it was some member of the profession who was just leaving his office. Upon turning into the court we both heard a door rather quietly but quickly pulled to, and a man of middle height, clad in a large heavy coat and slouched hat, stopped sharply for our entrance, but whether from our office or not, we could not tell of course. It was certainly from one of the two lower ones, as he could not have descended the stairs after shutting the door. He had something under his arm; but what it was in the very obscure or rather dark state of the locality I could not make out; and indeed scarcely thought about it until afterwards. It had the shape of a large book. He was plunging past us at a quick pace when Mr. Pledwell called out:

"Hello, my friend, do you want to see anybody about here?"

"Oh no, oh no," was somewhat gruffly answered, and in an instant he turned the corner, in the direction we had come, and we heard his rapid footsteps receding along the street. I thought they were quickening into a run.

"That fellow has been after no good," said Mr. Pledwell. "Bookstealing, or picking up of trifles in the offices. Well, he can't have got anything of value from us. But I believe I left my door unfastened as usual, when I returned to court after recess." And upon trying it we found it only latched and walked in.

I felt out the matchbox on the table and took a match from it; but at the same time felt it was the only one. Upon pulling it on the sandpaper it gave a partial gleam and flickered out, possibly from the effects of a damp atmosphere, as I extended my hand towards the gasburner, with which it came in contact.

It was hot.

"The burner is hot, Mr. Pledwell," I exclaimed.

"Impossible!"

I felt it again.

"It would burn my hand to hold it."

"Then that rascal has been in here."

"There is something slippery under my foot," I said.

"Slippery—why, what can it be? Here, I have

a match in my cigar case." And Mr. Pledwell handed it to me. In fumbling it between us it fell to the floor. I stooped to recover it, and put my hand at once into a pocket of something—it was warm—I was sure it was blood, and my own quivered at the thought.

"Mr. Pledwell," I exclaimed, "as sure as I live there is blood on the floor."

"Nonsense, boy; your imagination is fooling you."

"See if you have another match."

A heavy groan, or rather a sound which blended a groan and sigh, a deep moan, as if it were the last expiring gasp of life, startled us both. It came from the other side of the desk which was in the centre of the room, and was accompanied with a slight movement. I involuntarily stepped towards the door.

"Good God! what can that be?" ejaculated Mr. Pledwell.

I confess that my tongue was silent. I do not think I could by any effort have spoken a word, and there came over me an unpleasant sense of declining greatness.

"Who is within there? Speak!" demanded Mr. Pledwell.

The silence of death surrounded us.

"I have not another match about me," said Mr. Pledwell. "Go you and get a light—I will remain here—and bring somebody with you."

I could have blessed him for the temporary emancipation from that horror, while I honored the nerve and resolution which enabled him to sustain that fearful agony of suspense alone. Experience is a wonderful teacher, though. I could do it easy enough now.

I stepped from the door, and was just about to make a dash at a high rate of speed for somewhere, when the old, quiet-footed janitor of the court, whose business it was to close shutters and lock offices of careless people, came round the corner with his lantern in his hand. I seized him by the arm and hustled him towards our office.

"Who are you? what do you want?" exclaimed the frightened old man, hurrying back as from a murderer.

"It is I, Mr. Hart. Mr. Pledwell is in the office; there is something wrong there."

And as I had frightened him too much to get him to move at once, I snatched the lantern from his hand and bade him follow me. Upon entering the office I removed the candle from the lantern, and at once perceived a human form upon the floor, but on lighting the gas a frightful scene of blood and horror discovered itself. There lay, stretched at full length, now, as it proved, entirely dead, the body of a good-sized, middle-aged man, his hair and face all dabbled with blood, which seemed to be still flowing from some wound which did not immediately appear. There was blood under our feet, and blood had been spurted from the wound, doubtless when first inflicted, over the office table, staining books and papers upon it.

Mr. Pledwell ordered the frightened janitor, who seemed unwilling to come within the door, to go for a physician.

"Doctor Munson is in the next square," he said. "It is not much use," he added, as the old man left, and after having felt the pulse and heart of the prostrate body; "the man is dead, and he has certainly died since we have been in the room; that fellow we met had just murdered him. But how came they here? I am very glad we came together, Hart, or one of us might have had a troublesome case of circumstantial evidence to wade through. It is very strange. Look, what is that by your foot?" he exclaimed, as I had moved towards him.

It was a knife, after the Bowie pattern, but with a blade only of about five inches. I stooped to pick it up.

"Don't touch it, Hart. Let it lie just as it is. Better to let the coroner and jury see the room precisely as we find it, and even the body, as the man is dead."

In a few minutes Dr. Munson came in, and at a glance confirmed the fact that life was extinct. He put his finger to the pulse, and remarked that no further examination was necessary on that point. By this time a crowd had collected without, and presently Mr. Pledwell's colored servant thrust his way through them, and was instantly sent off for the coroner. That functionary appeared with a jury in a short time, and an investigation proceeded.

The body was laid straight upon the floor and the blood washed from the face. The coroner then asked if any one present identified the deceased, but had scarcely uttered the question when he himself exclaimed:

"Why it is Hafin—John Hafin!"

Most of the jury recognised him also, and so did I and Mr. Pledwell. There was no doubt of the identity. That was settled at once. Mr. Pledwell had, in fact, transacted some business for him at a former period.

John Hafin had been a carpenter, and was, in his younger days, an active political worker of party machinery among the "roughs." He was prudent, withal, in his way; and never having had a taste for liquor, he had saved his share of "plunder," as the "b'hoys" call it, while his companions had spent theirs. He was, at the time of his death, perhaps, forty-five years old, and had saved, as it turned out, in real and personal property, between seven and eight thousand dollars.

Mr. Pledwell and myself were first examined and stated what is already known to the reader. Then followed the janitor, who confessed that when I seized him he thought his hour had come. He did not recognise my voice, and he thought it was a man "as big as two of Mr. Hart."

Dr. Munson had examined the body, found the wound and probed it. It was on the right side of the neck, an inch broad and about four inches deep, severing the carotid artery and jugular vein. The man could scarcely have lived three minutes after such a wound. The coroner then proceeded to search the pockets of the deceased, and found

a pocketbook containing sundry papers and about twenty dollars in notes, a purse with some specie in gold and silver, a watch, a pocketknife and other unimportant trifles. No clue here. The man did not seem to have been robbed.

"What's this bit of paper upon your table, Mr. Pledwell?" asked the coroner, taking up a piece of rather dark-shaded foolscap. "Do you know anything of it?"

Mr. Pledwell examined it.

"It is none of mine," he said. "Hart, have you seen it before?"

I looked at it.

"No, sir; I know nothing of it. I put all the stationery there was upon the table into my portfolio, when I went to court this morning."

"Read aloud what you find written upon it," said the coroner.

It was a wretched scrawl, and evidently done by an uneducated person.

"Mr. Pledwell we want you to fix some papers (papers supposed) fore us about some property which we are going to exchange."

And there it stopped. What could this mean? Who constituted the "we"? What had interrupted the communication? Had the man been struck at that moment, or had a quarrel ensued? The paper looked like a note which seemed to contemplate an appointment to meet us at another time, probably in the morning. There was part of a watermark on the paper, and it had a peculiar faint smell. This was the only thing that had the quality of a clue, but how vague! The upshot of the evening's inquiry was, that the body was removed to the family residence, and after eliciting all the testimony possible, the inquest was adjourned to the next day.

Upon the following day it was ascertained that Hafin left home on the preceding day, after dinner, alone. He was at a store during the afternoon, and he was seen just before dark by an acquaintance, who stopped and spoke with him a minute or two, but nothing was elicited which in the slightest degree seemed to associate him with any particular transaction or person. The handwriting on the bit of paper was his, and the knife was his. These facts were established conclusively. But no trace could be obtained to any one with whom he was about to exchange property, nor was it known, even by his family, that he had contemplated anything of the sort. And so there remained no clue to the assassin. And the jury rendered a verdict that the deceased came to his death from a wound inflicted by some person unknown. And thus the affair was laid away from the public view, wrapped up in an impenetrable mystery.

CHAPTER III.

I THOUGHT the remark of Mr. Pledwell, that if we had not happened to enter the office and discover the murder together, one of us might have had to do battle with a case of circumstantial evidence, quite unreasonable at the time it was made; but to my unconceivable astonishment and mortification, some months after the murder, I overheard a remark, to the effect that "old Pledwell knew more about Jack Hafin's death than he let on." It was between a couple of low fellows standing within the court-house, and I could not deign to notice it. Mr. Pledwell purchased a small piece of property some time after that, and there came an anonymous letter, asking whether that was bought with part of poor Jack Hafin's money? But annoyed as I was by these things, Mr. Pledwell took no notice of them. He certainly did not affect unconcern. I was sure it was genuine. He actually laughed at it, and said he expected it.

"But," said he, "scandal must shut its mouth after Hafin's affairs are settled, and the administration establishes the personal and real estate all intact. Do you know, Hart, a friend told me the other day, that he had actually heard a surmise that Hafin had come to my office with a large amount of money, which might have been secured by a lawyer who had worked pretty hard all his life in the defence of scoundrels who couldn't pay?"

"It is not possible," I said.

"It is true, no doubt."

But this insinuation did not reach Mr. Pledwell alone. It eventually reached, and, of course, affected me, as it did not him, for I was young and sensitive. One day, in my boarding-house, the affair came up, as it occasionally would, when some general remarks about lawyers drew forth from the landlady the unguarded declaration that there was none of them to be trusted. Two or three students were boarding there, but none were present; and I am not certain that she saw me when she spoke.

"What is that, Mrs. Hilson?" I asked.

She turned upon me with a flush upon her face, but I could not define it or its cause.

"Oh, nothing," she said.

"But," said I, "if I did not misunderstand you, it is something—something to me. I heard you speaking of lawyers, and thought you said none of them was to be trusted."

"And what if I did?"

"If you did, you insulted me without cause."

"If the cap fits, you can wear it."

I rose and demanded to know what I owed her, as I paid monthly.

"It will be half a month to-morrow."

I paid the amount and turned from the dining-room to the hall for my hat.

"Mr. Hart, don't be foolish about it."

"I will send for my trunks this evening, Mrs. Hilson."

"And do you mean to say you are going for good?"

"I am."

"Very well. Then you may just give my compliments to Mr. Pledwell, and tell him there's people in this house who think that he has had a hand in Hafin's property, if he didn't have one in his killing, too."

I was fearfully exasperated by this taunt, and

trembled with passion. Had it come from a man I should have throttled him on the spot. But it was from a foolish and ignorant woman. I surmised, however, that she was influenced by the opinions of others in the house, and that I might have been spoken of as obnoxious to their vulgar suspicions and delicate sensibilities. I would not degrade myself even by a reply. I heard the next day that she had lost all her law-students, one of whom followed me; and the juveniles of the profession incontinently taboored her house from that time forth.

CHAPTER IV.

IN my new boarding-house I was very pleasantly situated. It was recommended to me by an experienced friend, who was just leaving it. He had found the widow who conducted it a very kind, motherly sort of person, and one more likely to be imposed upon than to impose upon others. He had the audacity to bid me beware of my heart, as she was still young. Young, forsooth! She was scarcely less than five-and-thirty. Yet I confess that she was still blooming, pretty and attractive. So much for my new landlady. But who is this I find delighting the household in the nicely furnished parlor, with music and song at the piano? What a charming epitome of all that the most practised novelist gets up of female loveliness and grace!

"Oh!" That is a digressive ejaculation. Somebody has been looking over my shoulder and is pinching me cruelly, but I will have my say.]

Yes, I repeat it, "loveliness and grace!" There was no pretence, no show, no affectation. She had quietly taken a seat at the instrument in compliance with a very common request of the boarders, and her sweet voice was a solace, indeed, to many of us after the heat and burden of the day.

"Who is she?" I inquired of a gentleman seated next to me.

"It is Clara Lyne."

"Mrs. Lyne's sister?"

Mrs. Lyne was the landlady.

"Mrs. Lyne's daughter."

"Whew!" I gently whistled, in thought; "mother and daughter may be rivals some day."

In one month from the time I entered Mrs. Lyne's house I was helplessly lost. Clara's brown eyes and brown hair, and her pretty, loving ways, had completely done my business. And I had reason to believe that there were others in the house who were in the same predicament with myself. I determined to take the advance, if possible, and spared no effort to compass an opportunity. I was not without hope. I fancied that those lovely eyes had occasionally loitered a moment with tenderness under my own. Oh, if I were only loved, my sum of earthly happiness would be complete. The suspense soon became intolerable; but I was constantly baffled in frequent attempts to achieve a *little-a-little* with Clara. At length I met her in the street, and at the very moment that a threatening shower was hurrying her homewards. By good fortune I had brought my umbrella and she had none. My offer of shelter was accepted, and before we got to the house I had told her that I loved her and how dearly. Would she not give me a word of hope? No answer. I had pulled the bell, and she looked up into my face, with her eyes swimming in tears.

"Do not press me for a reply, Mr. Hart; I am very wretched, young as I am."

The door opened, and she passed in from my sight. I proceeded to my office.

Something was accomplished. She knew that I loved her, and her manner towards me was unchanged. Unchanged? Not entirely. There was a more frequent interchange of looks between us, and I was not at a loss to construe them. Still it was difficult as ever to make an opportunity to speak to her. One evening, at the piano, I was just able to say:

"May I write to you?"

"Consult mama; she will explain. I cannot tell you," she said.

And again the tears flooded those sweet brown eyes—"sweetest eyes were ever seen."

I lost no time in securing a private interview with Mrs. Lyne. I met her on the stairs as I left the room to seek her.

"Will you oblige me with a few moments, Mrs. Lyne?"

"Certainly," in her quiet ladylike way, and we passed downstairs into her own little back parlor or sitting-room.

"I must take care that no mistake occurs," thought I; "such things have been. She must not construe a proposal for her daughter into one for herself."

The reader will see how effectually I guarded against such an accident, quite a possible one, I thought, as I looked steadily into her face and saw there distinctly the mature original of Clara's beauty.

"Mrs. Lyne, I love your daughter."

She did not start nor make any exclamation about it whatsoever. She sighed perceptibly.

"I am sorry for it, Mr. Hart," she said, rather sadly, I thought.

"Sorry, Mrs. Lyne. If you will give her to me I will devote my life to her happiness."

"I believe you would, Mr. Hart, but it cannot be. If you love her much, as you do perhaps, I shall make you very sad by telling you that she is engaged."

"Engaged!" I all but shrieked.

"Hush! Not so loud. I prefer that nothing of this should be known in the house."

"But Mrs. Lyne, you surely! ...ve made a mistake;" no, her manner when I spoke to her first; I have abstractedly.

"You have spoken to her then, Mr. Hart?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have. And moreover, I believe that your daughter is not altogether indifferent to my regard."

"Then I am sorry for her also, Mr. Hart."

"But to whom is she engaged, Mrs. Lyne?"

"Well, I cannot mention that at present. I think there would be no propriety."

And Mrs. Lyne seemed to be communing with herself. I noticed also that there was a sort of hesitancy and pre-occupied manner, as if she was not exactly satisfied with something; it was like that of one not satisfied with himself. She stepped to the door, and calling the little colored waiter, sent him to Miss Clara with a message, that her mother wanted her in the little parlor. As soon as the dear girl came in and saw us together, she turned pale, and sank into a chair. Her mother went to her, sat by her side, and drew her face tenderly towards her.

"My darling, you must not give way to your feelings so."

"Mama, I do not give way to my feelings; I am not very well this evening."

"I sent for you, because I have made up my mind to consult Mr. Hart upon a subject which seems to be more and more distressing to you and me every day."

There was no response but a sigh, almost a sob. I was perplexed. Here was some mystery which I could not comprehend.

"Mr. Hart has told me that he loves you, and he thinks that he is not indifferent to you." The sweet face was turned more carefully from my gaze, and quite hidden now, while the profusion of brown hair was radiant with lustre under the gleam of the gas. I have told him, my dear, that you are engaged—"

Clara drew herself quietly from her mother's embrace, rose, turned towards the door, and as I then believed and afterwards learned to be the fact, left the room in a flood of tears which would not be repressed.

When she was gone I thought Mrs. Lyne was a little overcome. If so she rallied at once.

"Mr. Hart," she said, "to tell you the truth I have suspected that Clara had cherished a regard for you, which, under the circumstances, she ought not to have done. But, of course, she has a great respect for you myself, I could not blame Clara. And as you are in the legal profession, I made up my mind, if anything came of your partiality for each other, to consult you about the circumstances to which I refer, for poor Clara is, I see, the real sufferer in the case. I am sure you will keep my counsel."

"Not professionally, merely, Mrs. Lyne, but upon my sacred honor."

"After the death of Captain Lyne, who sailed several years out of this port, I became very much straitened. Indeed, had arrangement of the little property he left reduced me to poverty; and although I had succeeded in pretty well completing Clara's education, I found myself with her, at sixteen years of age, almost penniless. At that time Captain Wraxall, of the ship Warlock, was in the city. He had sailed with my husband as mate, and he sought me out in a friendly way, seemed very much affected by my condition, and anxious to help me. He called again, and met Clara, in whom he took much interest; and thereafter, frequently spent an hour or two with us. To make a short story of it, Mr. Hart, he finally proposed to take this house for me, to furnish it, and to place me in it as his mistress, that I might open it as a boarding-house of a superior class. That I might be forehanded while was absent, he also proposed to place five hundred dollars in bank, subject to my demand. This proposition seemed to me exceedingly kind, if disinterested; and I may confess to you, Mr. Hart, that upon thinking of his motives I—Mrs. Lyne's color heightened—"well, I was a widow, and he, I suppose, a year or two older than myself."

"And I could have honored his choice."

"I did not like the idea of being bought in this way, nor had I any predilection for Captain Wraxall. My husband had spoken of him as an impulsive and sometimes a passionate man, but with many excellent qualities. Nevertheless, I cannot tell what I might have done, pressed with the bitterness of my condition. But that test was not presented to me. Captain Wraxall told me that he loved Clara to desperation, and that his purpose in providing as he proposed to do was, that we both might have a comfortable home while he was away; and that on his return he would, with my consent, marry my daughter. I was very much pained, but avoided the slightest exhibition of feeling. I told him that I would take time to consider, and consult my child."

"And she—"

"She was young, heart-whole, and a sort of pet of Captain Wraxall's, who had already loaded her with presents, did not seem to revolt at the proposition, certainly. He is rather a fine-looking man, and by no means unlikely to command the regard of even a young girl. Clara said, frankly, that as she was free, she could honestly accept the proposition, and though she did not love him at all then, she might in two years. But it would put poverty away from her mama, she said, and would cost her nothing. Poor child, she had no idea of the bondage she incurred, not from any unkindness on the part of Captain Wraxall, however."

"And the agreement was made?"

"I told Captain Wraxall that Clara consented, and he immediately took the house, furnished it as you see, even with a piano for Clara, and I must admit he was very considerate to her while he remained, saying that he should put off his courting till his return. He boarded with us, of course, the short time he was in—before his departure, saying that he should see us "under weigh;" and he also brought to the house, his chief mate, Mr. Tom Warren, who lived here until the Warlock went to sea, and a more agreeable, generous, open-hearted man I never knew."

"That's warm praise for Mr. Tom Warren," thinks I, but I was more interested in the bond which Wraxall might have secured. I was anxious to be at it as a lawyer, and tear it all to pieces."

"Captain Wraxall, on the day before he sailed, came into this room and said he was prepared to

close the agreement. He took from his pocket a paper of which I will show you a copy."

And Mrs. Lyne ran upstairs, and brought down and handed to me a paper, on which I read the following:

I agree to marry Clara Lyne, as soon after my return from the voyage I am now about to make as she shall appoint.

(Signed)
HENRY WRAXALL,
Master of ship Warlock.

November 28, 18—

I agree that my daughter, Clara Lyne, shall marry Henry Wraxall, Master of the ship Warlock, whenever she chooses, after his return from the voyage he is about to make.

(Signed)
HARRIET LYNE.
(Witness)
CLARA LYNE.

November 28, 18—

I agree to marry Henry Wraxall, Master of the ship Warlock, after his return from the voyage he is about to make, and to appoint a day for my wedding with him, within three months after his return aforesaid.

(Signed)
CLARA LYNE.
(Witness)
HARRIET LYNE.

November 28, 18—

I scanned this document—or documents rather—with professional scrutiny, determined, if possible, to find a flaw, by which to rend them. Certainly they had not been prepared by a lawyer. The only signature of a lawyer's hand was in that word "aforesaid;" but any sharp, business man would use, just awkwardly as it was used here, such a phrase as that. The last clause of Clara's bond was cunningly devised. But for that, I saw a way of escape. The promise would have been indefinite, and have extended to a hundred years. It might have been fulfilled after her marriage with me, if I had left her a widow. It is true, Clara was a minor, and her promise would not have been binding as such, but here she acted with her mother's approval, and Wraxall had been shrewd enough to have the attesting signature of Mrs. Lyne as a witness to Clara's bond, and Clara's to her mother's. There was method in all this, truly.

"Sharp fellow, that Wraxall, Mrs. Lyne."
"I suppose it is all right, Mr. Hart?"
"This copy, you made, did you?"
"No, sir; that is Clara's writing."
"And a very beautiful 'hand of write' it is. The original was in Wraxall's hand, eh?"
"Every word but our signatures."
"And he holds it?"

"He took it away with him that day after dinner, and never came back. His ship was all ready to sail, and he expected to go at any hour. He left that very night. Tom Warren came up from the ship in a carriage, for some clothes, and to bid us good-bye, after the captain was aboard, and hurried back as fast as possible."

Of course the widow said nothing about a whispered word from Tom to her alone in that very room that memorable night, nor a kiss she did not quarrel with him for taking. He was going so far away, and so long a time—there could be no harm in that—dear Tom.

I read the documents again word by word, and was sensible of an unpleasant impression in the perusal of them for which I could not account. I almost fancied that the whole scene had passed under my observation at some time before; that I had participated in it, in some prior existence, a delusion said to arise from the quality of the structure of the brain. But such illusions are gone in an instant—this remained. I see! I see! It was that cursed 28th November. That date. How strangely it affected me. And so discovering the cause, the effect at once passed away.

"Now, Mr. Hart, I have told you all this," the widow resumed, "that I might feel free to say something more to you. Very soon after Captain Wraxall had left I began to find out that Clara had been placed in a peculiarly embarrassing position. Young gentlemen were about her, and it was very natural that she should take pleasure in their society; but, of course, she was under restraint; therefore, we had to adopt a course of conduct which has reduced itself almost to a perfect system, by which we have pretty successfully prevented private interviews, and entirely kept off declarations, until you managed to make yours. But Clara has suffered much privation in her social enjoyment, having steadily refused every invitation to attend places of amusement, or of any other sort which would expose to her the particular attention of young men. You know now, all the facts, and how we are situated. I wish to act honorably. If you quietly withdraw from us I shall not complain, and the agreement will be fulfilled when Captain Wraxall returns, as I can but feel it ought to be."

Is there any young lawyer in the world who would have thrown up such a case? If so it was not John Hart.

"Why, madam," said I, "the thing is as simple as whistling. If you will trust me with the case, I will bring you out in all honor, and with flying colors. But, I have another question or two. In what manner did this Wraxall make the transfer of the property to you?"

"Ah, I forgot to tell you that. After Clara and I had signed the bond—a memorandum, as the captain called it—he asked my daughter to retire a few minutes. As soon as she had left the room he turned to me and said: 'Mrs. Lyne, here are the bills, receipted, for all the property in this house. I place them in your hands, and so fulfil my part of the agreement, in advance. The property is now yours.'"

"And he had sent Clara out of the room, first, eh? The artful dodger! The bills are, of course, made out in his name?"

"All of them."
"I surmised as much. And did you purchase any of the articles yourself?"
"Only in his company. I went at his sugges-

tion to select carpets, and indeed a good portion of the furniture; but the bills were always made out in his name. I dare say people took us for a newly married couple, very often."

"Mrs. Lyne," I said, "this whole matter is a contemptible bit of trickery, to secure your precious treasure of a daughter, as his wife. He has taken care to get all the security on his own side."

"Oh, no, Mr. Hart, I have his bills, and the gift of the property."

"It's not worth that," snapping my fingers. "His gift he took the precaution to make without witnesses. As for the bills, what do they prove but that he paid them?"

"But if he were so dishonorable as to claim the property in the event of Clara's death, or her marriage in defiance of the bond, and in spite of my resistance, I could destroy the bills."

"And he would fall back on the parties from whom he purchased, and prove that the goods were bought by him, paid for by him, and delivered to his order. No, Mrs. Lyne, if the agreement falls from any cause—and I mean that it shall if I can possibly make it—Wraxall secures this property beyond all doubt."

Mrs. Lyne did not reply. She sat and pondered the state of the case. She felt that she had compromised her daughter, yet she fully realized the great benefit she had derived from Captain Wraxall's proceeding. She had herself before this interview with me taken a notion that Wraxall had not been quite so well on the square as he affected to be; but she was desirous to save her daughter, and yet wanted to act honorably with the captain.

"When is Wraxall expected to return, Mrs. Lyne," I asked; "where did he go?"

"Probably not for a year yet. I learn from Mr. Warren—who writes me occasionally—that when the ship arrived at Singapore, they found orders awaiting them from the owners to take in a cargo for California; then to proceed to Australia, whence they expected to go to California again. It seems the ship has got regularly into the Pacific trade."

"Mrs. Lyne, I have a very clear perception of my duty in this matter, and I think it would do Captain Wraxall some good to let him see that two can play at his game. I will, however, consult my partner and good friend, Mr. Pledwell, and be guided perhaps by his opinion."

CHAPTER V.

THE next day I laid all the facts before Mr. Pledwell, and asked him what I ought to do.

"What you ought to do, Jack?" he exclaimed, with well affected astonishment, while the familiar "Jack" which he always used in his hearty and genial moods anticipated his verdict. "Why, what do you think you ought to do?"

"Well, sir, I asked your advice this time."

"Then take it. Go to your boarding-house, pack your trunk, tell Mrs. Lyne that you mean to behave yourself as a good boy ought to do, bid an affectionate farewell to the young lady, and say you leave her for the captain, but be sure you don't tell her that this was my advice."

There was a twinkle of humor about his eyes and the corners of his mouth as I looked wonderingly in his face, and presently he burst into a hearty laugh, and so did I.

"O Jack, O Jack!" he said, recovering himself, "don't ask my advice, but follow common sense and your own inclination. Marry the girl as soon as you can, and be sure it is before that captain comes home—a fellow old enough to be her father indeed. And if he makes a fuss about it, tell him to take the widow. That's my advice."

"I think there is somebody else stands better with the widow than the captain, sir."

"Ah! who's that?"

"The mate of the ship."

"Oh, well, he may take the captain's place some day, a-bed and aboard," and he enjoyed his joke. This was enough for me. I told Mrs. Lyne that Mr. Pledwell had advised me to marry Clara if she would accept me, and that he regarded the whole transaction of the captain's as a trumpery affair. At most Wraxall could take the property, but that could be easily remedied.

There were some scruples to overcome, but Mrs. Lyne was finally led to regard the happiness of her daughter as paramount to all other considerations, and I had the gratification to find that Clara was really delighted to escape from the bond, even by violating it. It had been an incubus upon my darling's head and heart for many months.

I shall not expatiate on that period of mutual happiness which Clara and myself enjoyed in the declaration of the love which had drawn our hearts together, in spite of the bonds which had been made to keep them apart. "Love laughs at locksmiths." After a "regular term" of courtship, and by no means impelled by any prospect of the Warlock's return, I married Clara. We had quite a "tidy wedding," as Mr. Pledwell said, and he figured very agreeably throughout that imposing transaction. We made the usual ridiculous wedding tour, and of course under the circumstances could not fail to enjoy ourselves away from home, while longing all the time to be there. We were very happy. It would be folly to prattle about the measure of our happiness, and I do not think it has abated since. Clara insists that it has not, and never will, while I am so loving and kind—and that will cost me a new bonnet at least.

CHAPTER VI.

A LETTER from Tom Warren some months afterwards informed us that Captain Wraxall had received papers from — a few days before, in which he found the record of the marriage of John Hart and Clara Lyne. Tom wanted to know who John Hart was. The captain, he said, had stormed, foamed with uncontrollable rage, and acted like a crazy man. He cursed the widow and daughter, and vowed a terrible revenge. "As for John Hart," said the letter, "poor devil, if he were aboard the Warlock to-day at Singapore, I verily believe that Wraxall would run him up to the yard-arm without even a quarter-deck judge or jury."

The letter sadly troubled my excellent mother-in-law, but Clara, firmly established in my love, and nestling in my heart, took it all as coolly as I

did. I assured her that we would tame him if he fell into the hands of Pledwell and Hart. We have an effectual way of dealing with animals of that genus, and we succeeded in consoling her mother.

Another letter from Tom Warren, dated a month later. He stated that Wraxall was certainly crazy. He had bought a couple of twelve-pounders, planted them between decks, and had port-holes cut in the Warlock's sides. He had also laid in a lot of muskets and fixed ammunition, and when Tom asked him about it, he said he was going to protect himself against pirates at sea as well as at home. "We sail in a week or two at farthest, direct for —," so that this letter may not be much in advance of us."

It was three weeks before the Warlock came into port, and I had been longing for her arrival every day, for Mrs. Lyne had worked herself into quite a nervous state of alarm and exhaustion, notwithstanding my suggestion that she would have gallant Tom Warren, the brave "sailor boy," as her fast friend.

I remained at the house, as it was fortunately between terms, after the ship was announced, waiting for Captain Wraxall. The boarders knew nothing, not a word of the private history working itself out under their very noses, and it was desirable to keep it as quiet as possible. Happily Wraxall's policy favored ours. He did not come to the house until ten o'clock on the second morning after his arrival, when he might fairly conclude that men would be absent on business, and women accessible to his abuse. There was a ring at the bell, and the little waiter—as sharp as any of his tribe—had been told to show Captain Wraxall—if any gentleman calling gave that name—into the front parlor. He was presently duly announced, and I went in to meet him. I bowed, and the captain stiffly responded. A sturdy, compact, well-built man of middle height, bearded, whiskered and mustached, and fearfully bronzed was Captain Wraxall. I had almost a thrill of horror at the idea of such a lovely, charming creature as Clara being flung into the arms of that frightful animal, to be instantly devoured. It was "Beauty and the Beast" over again, and yet Wraxall was not ugly by any means. He was simply terrible in such an association of ideas.

"I asked to see Mrs. Lyne," he said bluffly.

I had a strange feeling as he spoke, but could not account for it till a later day in our acquaintance.

"Mrs. Lyne is not at all well, sir, and requested that I should see you."

"Oh, I dare say!" with an undisguised sneer.

"I might have known that. And who are you?"

"If you choose to behave yourself properly and decently I'll tell you who I am, and if you don't I won't."

"Will you please to let me know who I have the honor of speaking to?" he said with mock courtesy, and his eyes glistering like a tiger's as he drew towards me. I made considerable allowance for the man's feelings, but I wanted the affair over.

"My name is John Hart, and I am—"

But I had no time to finish what I was going to say, that I was the husband of Mrs. Lyne's daughter. He rushed furiously at me, overcame by his passion, and totally unable to control himself. But I was young and active, and stepping aside I escaped his onset; he merely caught the lappel of my coat, and I struck his hand from that, carrying a part of it away. I caught up a chair.

"Now, Wraxall, if you dare to approach me you'll find what sort of a man you have to deal with; and if you do not instantly be quiet, I will send for policemen and have you arrested. Say what you have to say, and quit this house."

"Quit this house, you fool! I'll quit when I choose."

"You'll quit when I choose, and that will be very shortly, if you do not behave yourself."

"And quit the furniture too, I suppose," he said tauntingly. "I'll have every d— trap out of here before this day is gone."

"You'll do no such thing. And if you were to attempt it and succeed, I would have such damages out of you as would spoil the pay and profits of your voyage."

"You would?"

"Yes; as Mrs. Lyne's attorney."

"Oh, ho! you are a lawyer, are you? Then Mrs. Lyne's got a landlark with a son-in-law. That accounts for the milk in the cocoanut."

I did not choose to notice his vulgar allusion to myself.

"This property, my young bantam, belongs to me."

"Then you can take it at a proper time, and in a proper manner."

"Oh, I can, hey? Well, that's something. You acknowledge my right so far then?"

"I do no such thing. You said it belonged to you; prove that it belongs to you, and you can have it."

"I demand the bills for the property which I left in the care of the widow."

"And I am prepared to give them to you," said I, "upon your restoration of the bond signed by Mrs. Lyne and her daughter. Give me that and you shall have the bills."

"I'll see you — first!"

"Blackguard!" I exclaimed "this interview must end, and you shall leave the house, or I'll have you pitched neck and heels into the street. I have borne with you long enough."

"I will have my property."

"Send for it after the expiration of six days, or I'll pitch that into the street after you. Now leave the house."

And I opened the parlor door, walked into the hall, opened the front door and waited for him. It was but a moment. He came forth growling like a whipped bear. As he passed out I bade him never to come to the house himself again, nor to cross my path as an enemy, for I would have no mercy on him if he did. He looked at me with all the contempt he could express outside of the hireute domain of his countenance and walked away.

I returned into the parlor and sat down, vexed that I had suffered myself to become exasperated. I should have felt much more sympathy for him had he shown any real concern at the loss of Clara; but he seemed to be only savage, like a brute deprived of its spoil. He had been outwitted. His apparent generosity had been tested and found wanting. His trick of benevolence had been sprung against him.

Tom Warren came up that night. He had been busy getting the ship into position at the wharf and with other matters. He told us that the captain was storming away on board now, and about "three sheets in the wind." He cautioned Tom against putting up at the Widow Lyne's—"a tricky cuss." Tom bade him to hold his tongue about the Widow Lyne. It wouldn't be safe to abuse her before him. And thereupon they had high words. But Wraxall had to answer to his owners for his strange proceedings, and it would not do to quarrel with the mate. So Tom came off to his boarding-house and the widow, and I must say that she received him "wondrous kind."

THE INSTALLATION OF ARCHBISHOP McCLOSKEY—THE NEW ARCHBISHOP GIVING THE KISS OF PEACE TO THE BISHOPS.



THE INSTALLATION OF ARCHBISHOP MCLOSKEY AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, AUG. 21—THE PROCESSION.



HEARTSICK.

Is it the tramp of men to battle,
Breaking across the silent night,
The stinging roll of the musket's rattle,
The far-off shock of the deadly strife?
Is it the moan of strong men dying,
Coming across the dreary plain?
— "Mother, only the South wind sighing,
And the falling sob of the summer rain."

Listen again! where the hill lies glooming,
Flung its shadow across the grass,
Did you not hear the cannon booming,
And the clash of steel from the rocky pass?
Now drawing nearer, now retreating,
Are there not cries on the village green?
— "Only the surf on the wild shore beating,
And the wail of the South wind dropped between."

Alas and alas! when the heart is fearing,
Every shadow has life and weight;
Even the wind to the spirit's hearing,
Comes like the call of a darkening fate!
You, O child, in your springtime gladness,
Only the breeze in the pinetops see;
I, with a longing, sick, heart-sadness,
What does the South wind say to me?

That some place where its breath is falling,
He is fighting—perhaps is slain—
That some place where its voice is calling,
He is moaning my name in vain;
Somewhere under its gentle sighing,
In broken slumber or deadly strife,
In camp or field, is the true heart lying,
That calls you "darling," and calls me "wife."

You and I, my little one, nestling
Safe by his hearthstone far away,
What shall we do for our soldier's resting?
What can we do, but wait and pray.
Through all the changes life may ring us,
Waiting and praying with heart and might;
But most of all when the South winds bring us
A message from him, as they do to-night!

NINA MARSH;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE QUEEN OF BALMWICK.

BALMWICK is a fine old town in the North of England, much celebrated for its clear air and medicinal waters. It is the favorite resort of antiquated beaux, forlorn spinsters and worldly-minded widows of a certain age. By way of making provision for the wants of such residents, every third shop in Balmwick is a wig-maker's, false teeth grin at you from glass cases in all sorts of unexpected corners, and the bread is made with as little crust as possible, and very lightly browned.

The inhabitants of Balmwick are mostly gentle-people of limited income, who find that they can get here more pleasure for their money than is to be found elsewhere. The morning is usually devoted to shopping or a stroll through the market-place; the afternoon is given up entirely to visiting—*alias* scandal—varied from time to time by a cheap concert at the public rooms; and tea and whist agreeably fill up the evening hours.

No ostentation of wealth is tolerated at Balmwick. If you were to give a champagne supper you would be classed amongst the *parvenus* at once. True aristocracy never exceeds a decent competence. The hospitality of the place is not of a ruinous kind. The gentlemen may be cheered, but certainly not inebriated, at these reunions, since tea is the favorite beverage; but, as whilst is the serious business of the hour, any more substantial refection would be regarded with suspicion and disfavor, as well as considered a shameful waste of time. You may take a pinch of snuff between deals, but if you were to venture on this indulgence in the middle of a hand, you would not dare show your face in Balmwick for a week, or even a month, should your luxuriousness have imperilled the odd trick.

The first two questions asked of you when you arrive in Balmwick are—whether you belong to a good family, and play a tolerable rubber. If you happen to have a little hair left, and a few teeth, you perceive at once that they are not believed in. The three Misses Grimaldenné, who have not been indebted to nature for the smallest possible advantage for the last thirty years, assure you that they never saw anything so natural as your coiffure, and mysteriously inquire if the back and front are both in one piece or take off separately. It is useless to declare that it is all your own; you are met with a confidential, meaning smile.

"Oh, yes! of course what you've paid for is your own—no one can dispute the fact—but, upon my word and honor it's the most natural of its kind I ever saw!"

You protest, you even get angry, or perhaps you descend to tears, being somewhat tenacious of the few charms spared to you by that swift-footed enemy, the *edax rerum*; but all to no purpose; these three ancient maidens would not believe the hair to be your own even if they had seen it grow.

But Balmwick has certainly one great recommendation which you cannot find elsewhere. Here youth is looked upon as a terrible disadvantage; fifty is considered rather immature, and girls of forty are pronounced too frivolous to be good company. It is wonderful how soon you may persuade yourself into anything of this sort if you only make the effort. The aches and pains belonging to old age you may easily be brought to believe arise from delicacy of constitution, and the solemn warning of white hair is lost in a place where every one wears a wig.

The Balmwick season had just now commenced, and its sober gaieties had set in in good earnest.

The Honorable Mrs. St. George was the acknowledged Queen of Balmwick, and was well fitted for her post of ruler. She was a keen-eyed, quick-witted, hardened little old woman, who loved power better than all things, even than her own son. She had a sharp, decided manner, and a suspicious way of scanning you over the rim of her gold spectacles, as if she were always on the lookout for a revoke, and would be inexorable in claiming the three tricks as a forfeit if she only caught you in the fact.

Mrs. St. George had been a very gay person in her youth, but, being politic and astute, she had always managed to keep out of the way of any open scandal, filling her jewelbox and breaking her husband's heart in the most decorous manner possible—under the circumstances. Mr. St. George had been a warm-hearted, simple-minded, indolent man—very different from his wicked, designing little wife. He loved his home and quiet country pleasures above all things, whilst she was never happy unless plunged up to the very lips in the whirling vortex of London gaieties. For a time he followed her always, conquering his own distaste for such scenes; but, at last, the heart-ache he brought away with him was worse than the heart-ache she left behind her, and it became tacitly decided that she should go her own way without interruption from him. This arrangement was quite to her taste; but his advantages were scarcely so conspicuous. He could not wean his affections from this woman; he loved her all through, with a sort of obtuse tenderness, until that very hour when, after its long, weary strain, the poor heart broke at last.

And it was to spare such a woman that Mr. St. George, in dying, would not, for the sake of her honor and the honor of his name, alienate his son. He hoped and thought that something in his fate would bring a regret to her, and prompt her to atone for her injuries to him by her care of their child. He could not fathom the depths of such a hardened soul as hers. No sooner was the funeral over than she hurried Maurice off to a distant school, distinctly specifying that he was only to come home once a year. Then she prepared for new conquests. In a few months the weeds were discarded, and the young widow was fairly launched amongst the old dissipation; but it was a notable fact that, although surrounded by admirers, and perfectly willing to be persuaded into a change of name, no one seemed to press the alternative with any vehemence, or constancy.

For thirteen years had Mrs. St. George refused to accept her failure, and then her hopes grew gradually very dim. It was too late in the day to play the saint with any chance of success, so Mrs. St. George, whose wit had always been infinitely brighter than her morals, made her bow to the world and gracefully retired from the field. She then settled at Balmwick; and no sooner had the sagacious little woman measured her ground, and fixed her throne, than subjects came flocking in, glad to be sheltered under a sceptre which united wisdom to firmness.

Mrs. St. George was quite in her element now. The new queen proved a little despot on nearer acquaintance; but an energetic person had long been needed to regulate the Balmwick pleasures and give them more consistency, and those who have suffered from a disorganized system are wont to be very submissive under a new order of things promising more enjoyment and security. The question as to time depends upon the policy of the ruler, therefore, as Mrs. St. George possessed qualities eminently fitting her for a post of command, it is not surprising that a residence of fourteen years at Balmwick should have cemented and legitimized her authority rather than have detracted from its effect.

This night Mrs. St. George had gathered round her a select party of friends. She was expecting her son to arrive at eight o'clock, and as it was contrary to Balmwick etiquette to have an unoccupied person at these reunions, Mrs. St. George had only invited six guests, making, with herself and son, exactly enough for two rubbers.

The present party consisted of the three Misses Grimaldenné, a Mrs. Sturt and Mr. and Miss Mervyn. Miss Grimaldenné, the eldest of the three sisters, was severe by nature; Miss Jaquetta, the second, was sprightly; Miss Amorosa, the third, was languid; but all three were equally and painfully lean, and would, by the fashion of their evening toilettes, absolutely insist upon advertising this leanness, instead of keeping it modestly in the background. Miss Grimaldenné wore her false hair in bands, Miss Jaquetta arranged hers in little dancing curls, whilst Amorosa's flabby, listless ringlets were finished off by two giant *acrocrochets*, which were gummed tightly down on each cheek, and were supposed to add greatly to the lustre of her small green eyes.

Mrs. Sturt was a direct contrast to the lean sisterhood, being ponderous in person, and heavy in intellect. At the same time she played a good rubber, having a certain method of arranging her cards which helped her money, and kept her to one steady system, easy to fathom and respond to by her partner.

Little Miss Mervyn—as her friends loved to call her—was one of those gushing, sympathetic creatures whose whole life is an unconscious sacrifice to some favorite tyrant. She was a reverent lover of all God's works—a simple, true-hearted woman, who might have had foibles which occasionally rendered her ridiculous, but at the same time, was noted for many of those qualities which mark the true Christian. It might be truly said of her that she loved her neighbors as herself. She was open to affection from all quarters, as she often declared; but the love of young people was her especial pride and joy; she grew sentimental over them, made up matches for them in her innocent, bungling way, and generally persuaded them into a passion more or less sincere, in order to have the pleasure of laughing or crying with them, according to their necessities.

Her brother was one of those mild despots who,

by self-indulgence, bring themselves to a degree of uselessness only possible for those who have such a member in their household to understand. His nerves were always in his own way, and in other people's too. He had as many small conceits as a vain beauty of sixteen, and was so full of fancies, so unpleasant in his idiosyncrasies, that his sister's patient devotion to him day by day must have been a species of martyrdom. Anthony Mervyn labored under one fixed delusion—which, from indulgence, had become now almost a monomania—and this was that his legs were too small to support the weight of his body. He would take no exercise on this account, and was, therefore, growing stout, and really creating the evil he dreaded.

Mr. and Miss Mervyn possessed jointly a small estate in Westmoreland, upon which they lived during the summer, passing the winter at Balmwick in order that Mr. Mervyn might drink the waters, which he considered very beneficial in his peculiar complaint.

Colonel St. George was later in arriving this evening than his mother had been led to expect, and she therefore proposed that they should make up their rubbers without him as well as they could. Mrs. St. George, the two eldest Misses Grimaldenné and Mr. Mervyn made up the first table, whilst the three remaining ladies had to content themselves with a dummy as a substitute for the gallant colonel.

It was close upon nine o'clock when the expected guest at last arrived. His mother's sole greeting, although they had not met for months, was a business-like nod as she pointed to the vacant place at the next table. The three Misses Grimaldenné rose as he entered the room, and curtsied to him, whispering and giggling together meanwhile like boarding-school girls out for a holiday; Mrs. Sturt gave him a stolid bow; whilst little Miss Mervyn sprang from her seat with a sudden gasping motion of the lips, but dropped back again speechless with emotion, and wrung his hand in silence. Mr. Mervyn did not attempt to rise and greet the young officer, he merely put down his cards, and pointed deprecatingly at his legs.

"You will excuse me," he said, "but my unfortunate peculiarity renders it impossible for me to walk across the room without due preparation; any sudden movement under the influence of excitement upsets my equilibrium. You see the best of me now, sir, but if the card-table were removed you would at once perceive how miserably inadequate my legs are to the support of a powerful frame."

"You've dined of course?" interrupted Mrs. St. George, speaking to her son; then, without waiting for an answer, she turned to Mr. Mervyn, and added quickly, "Come, Mr. Mervyn, it's your lead—spades are trumps."

"Hearts always ought to be," sighed the pensive and tender Amorosa in the background.

"Amorosa!" said Miss Grimaldenné severely, "restrain your feelings."

"Dear Amorosa is such a turtle-dove," exclaimed Jaquetta, sending an arch glance towards Colonel St. George.

"Amorosa should learn to restrain her feelings," repeated Miss Grimaldenné, in a tone of unbending virtue and severity. "Being a baby of the family is a great disadvantage," she added, turning to Miss Mervyn, who was seated nearest to her, at the adjoining table—"a very great disadvantage. Amorosa has never had to exert herself, or exercise self-control. We have always listened to her prattle, and she forgets that she cannot always have such an indulgent audience, and must learn to restrain those warm emotions which our mistaken partiality has led us to cherish too openly. Amorosa should make an effort to be more like other girls."

Amorosa sighed demonstratively, and pinched in her thin lips to show that she was making the effort at restraint so impressively recommended by her eldest sister; but this little pantomime, although specially designed for Colonel St. George's edification, seemed to make but small impression upon him, even if it attracted his attention at all. Guided by some instinct of repulsion towards poor little Miss Mervyn—impossible to understand, considering the gentle, inoffensive tenderness of its object—Colonel St. George was busily devising the means of sitting as far from her as could be managed, and consequently proposed that she should be his partner, in order that he might sit opposite her rather than at her side. But Mrs. Sturt, whose methodical mind could never accept any innovation on the established order of things, asserted that it was always customary to cut for partners, as she should really feel seriously uncomfortable if this rule were set aside. Colonel St. George had no alternative but to obey, only luck favored him, and brought him the very privilege he had meant to appropriate without satisfying the usual forms.

Miss Mervyn sighed, not a huge, obtrusive sigh, such as Amorosa had favored the company with a few minutes before, but a suddenly-drawn breath, betraying some inward perplexity and pain. It was a marvel to herself, later, how she could have sat so patiently through four interminable rubbers, sorting her cards properly, following suit, and even extorting enough sagacity out of her trouble to enable her to return her partner's lead or attend to the technicalities of the game. But so she did, only her feeling of relief was openly manifested when the last rubber was brought to a conclusion, and Amorosa left them, and began to attack the refreshments. The other ladies soon joined her, and, after a very tight supper, all prepared to depart.

During this time Miss Mervyn, who was much too excited to eat, pursued Colonel St. George about the room, trying, by all the simple means in her power, to bring him to a standstill, and force him to listen to something she had to say; and it was worth while to see how gracefully he managed to extricate himself from all her en-

tanglements, busying himself so earnestly in ministering to the ladies' wants, and cloaking them when these wants were satisfied, that Miss Mervyn could not secure his attention for a minute. Her only hope was that he might take her downstairs alone, and thus give her an opportunity of speaking to him; but he cruelly defeated her purpose, giving one arm to Miss Grimaldenné and the other to her, whilst Jaquetta and Amorosa, unoccupied and watchful, followed close in their rear.

Her chair was at the door, and he handed her in with an excess of courtesy which was but another word for insolence—used to her under the circumstances. Miss Mervyn grew desperate, finding herself so steadily foiled. She was within a few paces of the three Misses Grimaldenné, whose green eyes glistened vigilantly out of the shadow. To leave in this state of suspense was impossible, and yet the questions she had to ask were of such a nature that even the faintest hint of them could not be given before the Misses Grimaldenné. She hesitated a moment. Colonel St. George, with a cold, triumphant smile on his lips, stood on the threshold of the door, attended by his court of lean Graces. Her pain and perplexity increased with the difficulties of her situation. At last she could stand the state of things no longer; at any sacrifice she must be assured that it would not endure through the morrow, or be left to chance for mitigation or relief. She bent forward, eager and breathless.

"Colonel St. George, I must see you to-morrow, very early. I must, don't you understand? At nine o'clock—even eight—I will make ready to receive you. Don't disappoint me. You see I am dying of anxiety and curiosity."

"I shall certainly do myself the pleasure of waiting upon you," answered the colonel, his lip, in its cynical curl, giving an upward sweep to his huge moustache; "but you mustn't give yourself the trouble of rising so early on my account."

"Oh, I don't care a bit how early it is—only mind you come," screamed the little woman, as at a sign from Colonel St. George her bearers moved off.

Then the conveyance ordered by the Misses Grimaldenné drew up to the door. The colonel saw them seated, wished them good-night, and then went back to the drawing-room to perform a like service by Mrs. Sturt, and to give Mr. Mervyn an encouraging word and a helping hand during the perils of his descent.

The colonel laughed to himself as he stood listening a minute and looking down the street ere he closed the door. A shrill echo from the carriage containing the three Misses Grimaldenné pierced the stillness in a manner peculiarly suggestive of internal fends.

"How very gross!" Miss Grimaldenné was remarking in reference to Miss Mervyn's conduct the latter part of the evening.

"Disgusting!" put in Jaquetta, as she carefully removed her curls, placed them lengthwise in a little paper box, and covered her bald head with an old gray hood. "It's enough to make one ashamed of being a girl!"

"Nonsense!" said Amorosa, spitefully. "What's the use of pretending to be girls, and so on, when we are alone? I know you were sixty last birthday, and if that's a girl, why I suppose Methusalem was only just getting into the prime of life when he died."

"Amorosa," said Miss Grimaldenné, sternly, "your vulgarity surprises me!"

"As to me, I never take notice of such remarks," interrupted Jaquetta, loftily; "they may always be attributed to jealousy and spite."

"Jealousy! Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Amorosa. But her laugh was not so disdainful as she wished it to appear.

"Yes, jealousy," resumed Miss Jaquetta, with emphasis. "Mean, paltry jealousy. I might have been married at this moment if I had liked, and you know I might, and that's what you can't forgive me."

"I don't think he would have felt much inclined to press the matter if he had seen you in your present toilette," retorted her youngest sister.

"Amorosa!" exclaimed Miss Grimaldenné, admonitorily, in her deep bass voice. But Amorosa was not to be checked.

"A poor, pitiful dancing-master!" she went on. "And then for any one calling herself a lady to be so proud of that! Well, I never! And I must say that the way you encouraged him, and flirted about in his face, and all that, was shameful. All he wanted was your money, and that you used to pretend was a great deal more than it really is, in order to cheat him into making you an offer of marriage."

But Jaquetta had taken refuge in silence. Perhaps she was sighing and grieving a little in her heart; for the first, last and only lover, united in one single individuality, is not to be resigned without some sorrowful regret. Jaquetta had consulted the family honor and refused the dancing-master, but not without a pang; so that Amorosa's taunts, brushing against the unhealed wound, caused her to shrink yet. With another dreary sigh Jaquetta sank deeper into the recesses of her gray hood, and relieved her feelings by a few natural tears.

Meanwhile, Colonel St. George had returned to his mother's room, and was sitting alone with her. Mrs. St. George rather liked her son now that he was too old to be any trouble. They might possibly have quarrelled had they lived much together; but, as they rarely met more than twice a year, they managed to agree remarkably well.

The colonel's feet were on the fender, and he was looking somewhat moodily into the fire.

"I might be tempted to ask," he said, presently, "if I did not know that Balmwick was celebrated for its antiquities, where on earth you got all the old women who were here to-night?"

"Miss Mervyn you know."

"Of course; but the ponderous widow?"

"Is a Mrs. Sturt—a woman of good fortune, and an excellent whist-player."

"And the three girls?"

Mrs. St. George laughed. She saw perfectly the faults and follies of others, and was wise enough to resign herself to old age with good grace. It must have been harder for her to grow old, too, than any of the Misses Grimaldones, who had never been handsome or attractive. But she was much too keen-witted to fight against a decree she could not reverse. Nothing could make her young again; but there was still some pleasure and profit to be got out of her life if she accepted it as it was. Having succeeded in perfecting herself in this state of feeling, she could afford to laugh at those she saw struggling vainly with their destiny, and darkening it with discontent.

"Isn't one of them called Amorosa?" said the colonel again, when his mother's gaiety had somewhat subsided.

"Yes—Amorosa."

"And we may presume that she catches hearts?"

"Or wishes to do so. The will and the deed are very different things."

"In her case they certainly must be. But, mother, what can be the pleasure of having all these old women about you?"

"My dear Maurice, you don't suppose that young girls would come and play whist with me, do you? The old and the young have naturally different notions of pleasure. I don't want to go to balls, where I should, of course, be neglected and ridiculed. I have had my day, certainly, and I can very well understand that others should like to have theirs; and in the meantime there is no reason why I should not now make myself as comfortable as I can in my own way."

"Well, I suppose you know best. But I have some news to tell you that will rather surprise you."

"Indeed!"

"What do you say to Gillingham being on matrimonial thoughts intent?"

"Impossible! You don't say so! Who is the lady?"

"Nina Marsh."

"Why, the daughter of that Mr. Marsh with whom you have been staying lately?"

"Yes."

"Then I tell you what, Maurice—you must forestal or supplant him, whichever is the needful course. It's no use having a handsome face and a fine figure if you can't do that," concluded Mrs. St. George, with judicious flattery.

"I could manage it directly if I liked."

"Then you must be mad to hesitate one moment."

"Not at all. I am playing a high game, mother. The pool must be mine, eventually, but I would rather not take it until the stakes are doubled. Revenge is sweet."

"Sweeter than love's young dream?"

"Sweeter than anything in life," he answered, beginning to punch the coals.

"I am glad to know that," said his mother, in her sharp, quick way. "I have always been doubtful whether you took after me or your father in that respect."

"I'm as cool as a cucumber, if that's what you mean."

"That's what I did mean, but it has always been a matter of perplexity to me. Miss Mervyn has given me hints occasionally about some attachment you formed for Nina Marsh when she was staying with her here in my absence last year."

The poker fell out of Maurice's hand and dropped on the fender with a hard clang; but, finding the keen gray eyes opposite fixed on him with an expression of curiosity and mischief combined, Colonel St. George stooped slowly to repossess himself of the poker, saying, as he did so:

"I thought you were much too sensible to believe all you heard."

"I don't believe anything I hear, but all I see."

"In this case you could have seen nothing."

"I saw you drop the poker, and heard it, too," answered his mother, going off into one of her little laughs.

"It was so confoundingly hot!"

"No doubt; still, you had held it some time before without inconvenience. Take my advice, Maurice: don't try and deceive an old woman. When our beauty fades our wit brightens. To show you how well I have profited by my opportunities of studying character, shall I tell you what you would have done if you had had no possible leaning towards Nina Marsh?"

"Well?"

"You would have led me to suppose that she was a vast favorite of yours, allowing me also to entertain the notion—more by manner than in words—that she, in her turn, did not regard you with actual disfavor. Now, Maurice, am I right or not?"

"I dare say you are; but the fact is, I hardly know my own feelings. I like Nina Marsh as much as I like any one, but the restraint, etc., of marriage is very repugnant to my feelings."

"And nothing else would be possible in that quarter, I suppose?" said this hardened, wicked old woman.

Maurice shook his head, and took to punching the fire again in his extremity. He could not make up his mind. He said he liked Nina as much as he could like any one; and then, again, his cousin's partiality, and Captain Marsh's strange conduct, which puzzled and stimulated his own feelings without exactly suggesting rivalry—all these conflicting sensations carried Colonel St. George into a maze from which he found it impossible to extricate himself unless by adopting the notion that, by playing his trump card too early, he might endanger the game.

If designing men knew how much less labor there was, both of mind and body, in a simple straightforward course of action, they would avoid the complications of vice, if from policy alone. The gloomy shadow on Colonel St. George's face, as he sat musing over the remnant of fire in his mother's grate, was the mere reflex of an inward

feeling of remorse which took the liberty of being aggressive and despotic from time to time. He got up from his seat, shook himself admonishingly, walked to the other end of the room, and then came back to the fire.

"You've nothing particular to say to me?" he inquired of his mother. "I leave by the first train to-morrow."

"Why, I thought you meant to stay a week, at least!"

"I can't stand all these old women!" he answered, impatiently.

"And Miss Mervyn's sympathies are so demonstrative, eh?" and Mrs. St. George laughed a laugh which stabbed her son like a sword. He looked dangerous for a moment, but the cloud passed over before any eyes less watchful than those of his mother could have noticed it at all.

"My tenderest regards to the turtle-dove, mother, and tell her how grieved I am to miss a repetition of her innocent prattle." And as he finished speaking he took his candle and went up to bed.

The next morning, precisely at half-past six, a fly stopped at the door of Miss Mervyn's lodgings, and a gentleman got out and knocked at the door.

"Is Miss Mervyn up?" he inquired, of the slipshod maid who answered his summons.

"Oh, dear me! no, sir," replied the girl, the military air of the stranger alone keeping her from some expression of open disdain.

"I am very sorry," said Colonel St. George, impressively; "she told me I might come as early as I liked. It's the more unfortunate, too, because I am on my way to catch the seven o'clock train for London, and this is the only opportunity of seeing her I could have had. Pray give her my card when she does come down, and tell her how disappointed I was not to have had the interview we both so much desired. You won't forget my message? Good morning." And he got back into the carriage and drove off.

And thus it came to pass that when Miss Mervyn descended to the breakfast-room with a pale, anxious face, after her sleepless night, the place which had attracted her attention was Colonel St. George's card, with an obtrusive "P. P. C." in the corner.

She did not deserve this at his hands she knew, and for a moment she was visited with a strong sense of his ill-usage and ingratitude. But she soon succeeded in conquering this feeling, and whilst she choked down her tears she tried to feel sure that something had really occurred to necessitate Colonel St. George's abrupt departure. To Miss Mervyn's simple, unassuming nature, this solution of the mystery seemed the most probable as well as the most pleasant. But, however strenuously she might endeavor to smother her doubts, she was conscious of an uneasy, dissatisfied feeling, which went hand-in-hand with her disappointment and regret. It was not that she saw through Colonel St. George's subterfuge—for she was by no means penetrating or astute—but she could not rid her mind of the impression that he might have spared her the time she had so earnestly begged had he chosen, and that, if actually compelled to leave Baltimore, it would, at least, have been possible to put off his journey for a couple of hours.

The days at Beechwood passed the more pleasantly that Colonel St. George was gone. The snow was on the ground, the skeleton trees were in shrouds, and the earth had covered the little greenness still left to it in a wide, sparkling mantle of unsullied whiteness. Everything looked cold, and pure, and beautiful, where the winds had hollowed out for themselves soft caves to lie and sob in through the night, or had drifted heaps of snow into miniature mountains, frozen into icicles at their peaks.

The pallor of these winter landscapes brings a chill to our very hearts. Somehow, we should not like to die at such a time. We have pictured our last resting-place a quiet graveyard where the pink-eyed daisy looks up rejoicingly at the sun, and yellow buttercups nod at each other in the breeze. To fade away in the soft hush of a summer Sabbath evening, Nature going to sleep with you, and weary humanity closing a moistened lid after the lengthened Sunday prayer, only this last to wake again, striving, and struggling, and weeping on, whilst you, under the daisies, will taste for the first time the perfectness of repose—this is what we dream of with strange longing in our sad and silent hours. But what has brought this gloom over our page? The novelist must not dream, nor pick out of the mosaic of life only those dull, sombre pieces which best accord with his own mood at the time; he must work, not for himself, but for others, unravelling the incidents his plot suggests, and placing them before the mind's eye of his readers as vividly as his skill will allow. Above all things he must not lag. Moralizing is not his business; let him leave that to wiser heads and colder hearts.

Here, then, we make our humble confession of shortcomings innumerable, in more ways than one, and dash back into our tale, chanting a rapid *mea culpa* on the way.

THE MILITARY COLLEGE, Marietta, Ga.

Our readers will find in our paper a sketch of the Southern Military College, at Marietta, Ga., a place deemed, doubtless, remote from all dread of Yankee visitation, but now become one of the milestones in the Southern progress of the Union armies. It is situated about a quarter of a mile from the centre of the town, and before Sherman advanced to the neighborhood contained 130 cadets, who were training in treason and the art of war. They were quartered in the small buildings, each of which contained ten young rebels. They retired five weeks before we entered. The college then became barracks for our troops, and was for a time occupied by the 90th Conn. The small buildings on each side of the avenue were officers' quarters, and the brick building at the left the Adjutant's office. The dining-hall, on the right, was occupied by the Colonel.

THE VIGIL OF ALL SOULS.

TO MY FRIEND ON HIS WEDDING-NIGHT.

To-day for thee and to-morrow for me;
I have said God bless thee, O'er and O'er,
And there is not a joy awaiting thee
But I wish it double and more.
O friend! I pause on thy bridal-night,
I pause from my toil to wish thee all,
Fair and pure and honest and bright,
That to mortal lot can fall,
And upon thy head no touch of sorrow.
To-day for thee; and for me to-morrow.

The sun above fair, and the moonlight now
Has crowned the darkness with silver gleams.
God send thy life be as bright, and thou
As glad as a bridegroom's dreams;
But on me the household lamp lets fall
A light subdued—and thy hour of pride
Is the vigil of a Festival
To us on life's other side.
To-day on the living all joy be shed;
But to-morrow is for the Blessed Dead.
To-morrow for me, but to-day for thee;
Thus are the lots of our living cast,
And the cheerful lamp sheds over me
A light that shines out of the past.
Thine be thy future, O friend! I greet
In thee life's promise all bright and brave,
But the sunshine, though fair it smiles, and sweet,
Falls to me over cross and grave.
Bright be thy path and untouched by sorrow,
To-day for thee; and for me to-morrow.

FRANZ MULLER,

The English Railway Murderer.

Few cases have attracted more attention than the murder of Mr. Briggs in a first-class railway car, from the mystery that enshrouded it. No suspicion seemed to attach to any one. Mr. Briggs took an evening train at Fenchurch street for Hackney station. Within three minutes ride of the latter point he was seen alive, but gentlemen entering at Hackney found the place stained with blood and unoccupied. Soon after the body of Mr. Briggs, in a dying state, was found on the road, between the tracks.

At last a clue was found. Franz Muller, a young man of good character, a native of Langenscheidt, Prussia, and a tailor by trade, sold to a Jeweller, named Death, a chain, which proved to have belonged to Mr. Briggs. Other circumstances, tending to throw suspicion on Muller, transpired, and it was found that he had sailed in the Victoria for New York. Mr. Tanner, a detective, with Mr. Death and another witness immediately followed in a steamer, and for some weeks have patiently awaited the arrival of the Victoria, which, being loaded with iron, came slowly. On Wednesday evening, the 24th, the vessel was signaled, and the pilot who reached it notified the captain that the murderer of Mr. Briggs was on board. When it reached Quarantine the officers went into the cabin, and Mr. Death having identified Muller among the passengers, the officers at once arrested him. The hat worn by him was identified as that of the murdered man, as that left in the railway car had been identified as Muller's.

The case is one of circumstantial evidence, but very strong. Muller was taken before U. S. Commissioner Newton, and after the examination of witnesses and the production of the testimony taken in England, duly authenticated, a certificate of extradition was granted.

Franz Muller, whose likeness we give, through the politeness of the Superintendent of Police, from a fine photograph by Clarke, 648 Broadway, is of short stature, slightly built. He wears a dark tweed shooting jacket, a dark waistcoat, buttoned high, and a white necktie. His eyes are small and deep set, his hair quite light, and carefully combed.

SCENE AT TARLETON'S PLANTATION, BAYOU TEXE.

Our special Artist depicted the actual scene, which to many will seem a mere caricature of Southern negro life. An old negro with a violin, his master's probably, came into the Union camp, and after relating the cause of his coming, walked away. Shortly afterwards, says our Artist, I found him under a tree, with some of his sable brethren around him listening to his performance on the violin, the younger dancing as though such music was too good to be lost, and of too salutary a nature to be enjoyed in quiet. But the most comical point of the whole was the presence of two mules, seen in the midst, looking on with an air of quiet droolery perfectly irresistible.

GEN. OGLESBY.

MAJOR-GEN. RICHARD J. OGLESBY was born in Kentucky, but removed to Illinois at a very early age, and became a citizen of the latter State. He served during the Mexican war as 1st Lieutenant of Co. C of the 4th regiment of twelve months' volunteers. The regiment was discharged in May, 1847. On the death of Capt. Morris, in February, 1847, the command of the company devolved on Oglesby. The regiment was badly cut up at Cerro Gordo, losing several line officers. At the commencement of the present rebellion the subject of our sketch entered the United States service as Colonel of the 8th regiment of Illinois Volunteers, for three months' service. The regiment was organized in April, 1861, at Springfield, and was stationed at Camp Defiance, at Cairo, where they remained bodily for the war at the end of their three months' term. On the 12th of June, 1861, Col. Oglesby commanded the expedition that sailed from Cairo in the City of Alton, on a reconnaissance expedition to Columbus, which trip resulted in the cutting down and bringing away a rebel flag from that point.

After the reorganization of the regiment it was transferred to the command of Gen. McClelland, and was engaged in several little skirmishes in Missouri, in the vicinity of Cairo. On the 1st of February, by general order, Col. Oglesby was appointed acting Brigadier-General, and his brigade formed a part of the reconnoitering party under Grant, in the rear of Columbus, and also formed part of the land force in the taking of Fort Henry. At the bombardment of Fort Donelson Col. Oglesby acted as Brigadier-General, commanding the 1st brigade of the 1st division, then commanded by Gen. McClelland. For gallant and meritorious services on that occasion he was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He took part with the 1st division, Gen. McClelland, in the famous battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg landing, and was engaged in the siege of Corinth. Since that time the brigade of Gen. Oglesby has been located in those parts of the South-west where Gen. Grant has been in command, and has been, during the recent reorganization of the army of that department, placed in the corps d'armee of Gen. Rosecrans.

He was severely wounded at Corinth, in Oct., 1862, and recovered almost by a miracle. He was then made a Major-General and returned to the field; but he soon found that, though the wound had healed, he was unfit for duty. He was in continual pain, and any considerable exertion caused him to gasp like a dying man.

He accordingly, to his own great regret, felt compelled to resign, and he did so on the 6th of July, 1863. He has since done what lay in his power to support the war, and will soon in all probability be Governor of Illinois.

INSTALLATION OF THE MOST REV. JOHN M'CLOSKEY, Archbishop of New York.

BUT a few years ago the Catholic body in this country was so insignificant in numbers that it scarcely entered into the ordinary view of American life. This has changed yearly. The country is filled with its establishments, its churches, cathedrals, convents, monasteries of every description. Under our free government the rites of the church are performed without interruption, and with all the pomp and splendor that the wealth of the body now enables them to give. There are few more picturesque events of the day than these ceremonies, which seem but a few steps from a busy street of a city in this century, seem to carry the beholder back to the Middle Ages.

One of the grandest Catholic ceremonies ever witnessed in the country was the installation of the Most Rev. John M'Closkey, as Archbishop of New York, on the 21st of August. He thus fills the seat vacated by the death of that remarkable man, Archbishop Hughes. Dr. M'Closkey is a native of Brooklyn, and the first American who has sat as Bishop or Archbishop in New York. The other bishops in the province are, with one exception, also all Americans by birth, showing how rapidly the nationalization of the church has been effected. The procession was to have passed through the adjacent streets to the front of St. Patrick's Cathedral, but the weather prevented this.

At eleven o'clock it issued from the sacristy. Acolytes with burning tapers, a cross-bearer and a long line of clergy in copes or in surplices followed. Then came the Bishops of the Province and the Archbishop of Baltimore, following whom came the new Archbishop of New York, beneath a splendid canopy elaborately wrought in satin and gold, supported by four of the trustees of the cathedral. As this procession moved around the cathedral the sight was peculiarly impressive. Our Artist depicted it as it entered the sanctuary again.

After this the Archbishop knelt before the altar for a time in prayer, and was then escorted to the Episcopal throne. When he was seated here, the bishops approached to receive the kiss of peace on the left cheek, or in case of the Archbishop of Baltimore on both. This scene, so apparently unreal in this country, we also present to our readers, the utmost care having been taken to give the dresses and surroundings with photographic accuracy. The clergy then in turn approached the new Archbishop in like manner, and the second Archbishop of New York was duly installed. A Pontifical High Mass followed this ceremony, and after the Gospel, Archbishop M'Closkey addressed his flock. He was no stranger. Born and brought up almost under the shadow of the cathedral, he had received the first sacraments of the church, having been confirmed by Bishop Connolly, the first bishop who occupied the see, been ordained by Bishop Dubois the next, and consecrated Bishop by Archbishop Hughes, whose coadjutor he was for some years, till his diocese was divided and Albany assigned to him.

SKIRMISH AT CEDAR CREEK, August 12.

Our sketch of this skirmish shows in the background the high wooded summit of Strasburg mountain and in the foreground the shallow stream known as Cedar creek, and familiar already from operations near it. On a neighboring hill the rebels have cut away the woods at the summit for a signal station.

As Gen. Sheridan advanced the rebels drew up on the south-west side of this creek to the number of 25,000 or 30,000. They had a strong rear guard protecting the retreat of their trains. When our army reached the point on the afternoon of the 12th of August skirmishing began, and was kept up briskly till long after sunset, the rattle of small arms and the scream of shell being incessant.

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

The spade is again doing briak work in Virginia. The army advances alternately by trenches and *cours de mois*. What in the beginning of the war was shrunk from as degrading is now a work that the soldier takes to readily. He knows and feels too well the importance of the slightest entrenchment, and has seen too often how a breastwork thrown up with cups and bayonets has saved a position, to despise the spade. The party going to the trenches knows its importance, and the engraving shows a scene constantly witnessed in our armies.

MIDDLETOWN, VA.

AMONG the Virginia villages coming before the public from time to time is Middletown, of which we give a pleasing sketch by our special Artist on the Upper Potomac. Middletown is a quiet, ordinary Virginia village, lying between Winchester and Strasburg on the turnpike road, presenting no striking features and with none of the busy stirring look of our Northern hamlets. It has been frequently occupied by our troops since the campaigns of Banks and Fremont in the Shenandoah valley.

SCENERY OF THE MOON.

Among the many terribly-sublime scenes with which the moon's surface must abound, none can be grander than that which presents itself to the spectator here placed inside one of those vast volcanic craters—Tycho, for instance—surrounded on every side by the most terrific evidences of volcanic force in its wild features. In such a position he would have before him starting up from the vast plain below, a mighty obelisk-shaped mountain of some 9,000 feet in height, casting its intense black shadow over the plateau; and partly up its slope he would see an amphitheatrical range of mountains beyond, which, in spite of their being about 40 miles distant, would appear almost in its immediate proximity—owing to the absence of that "aerial perspective" which in its terrestrial scenery imparts a softened aspect to the distant object—so near, indeed, as to reveal every cleft and chasm to the naked eye.

This strange commingling of near and distant objects, the inevitable visual consequence of the absence of atmosphere or water, must impart to lunar scenery a terrible aspect—a stern wilderness, which may aptly be termed unearthly. And when we seek to picture to ourselves, in addition to the lineaments and conditions of the lunar landscape, the awful effect of an absolutely black firmament, in which every star visible above the horizon would shine with a steady brilliancy (all causes of scintillation or twinkling being absent, and these effects are due to the presence of variously heated strata, or currents, in our atmosphere), or of the vivid and glaring sunshine, with which we have nothing to compare in our subdued solar illumination, made more striking by the contrast of an intensely black sky; if, we say, we would picture to ourselves the wild and unearthly scene that would thus be presented to our gaze, we must search for it in the recollection of some fearful dream.



THE WAR IN TEXAS AND LOUISIANA—THE UNION PRISONERS (19TH IOWA) RECENTLY EXCHANGED.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT NEW ORLEANS BY M'PHERSON & OLIVER.

UNION PRISONERS FROM TEXAS.

THE sketches of Union prisoners exchanged by the rebels after they were reduced by starvation and ill-treatment to death's door, which we gave a few weeks since, were the most appalling that it has ever been our duty to present to the public in our illustrated contemporaneous history of the time. Sadly, for the honor of our common humanity, would we have avoided the task and thrown a veil over the diabolical malignity of the authorities which could conceive and perpetrate such cruelty.

A sketch, which we give to-day, from a photograph by McPherson & Oliver, shows the enlisted men of the 19th Iowa, taken on their march near New Orleans, after long and cruel captivity at Tyler, Texas. This regiment was captured near Moritz, on the 28th September, 1863, having been sent at with the 26th Indiana, a portion of the 1st Missouri tillery, and some cavalry and mounted infantry, all under Col. J. B. Leake, 20th



SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN—MIDDLETOWN, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

Iowa, to divert the rebel Gen. Greene. That officer, however, having been reinforced by Gen. Mouton, crossed the Atchafalaya and cut off Leake from his division. Although attacked on all sides, Leake made a determined fight, and after finding it vain to attempt to cut his way through to his division, surrendered.

Greene at once fell back, and the prisoners were marched, through a drenching rain, to Greene's camp, and having been stripped of everything but the clothes on their backs, began their novitiate in suffering. On the 1st of October they were sent to Alexandria, and, after a few days' confinement, sent to Shreveport, suffering from hunger and cold, having no blankets or protection. From Shreveport they were sent to Tyler, Texas, under a guard of Red river steamboatmen, who abused and rode them down constantly. They reached Camp Ford, four miles east of Tyler, on the 23d, and led to a hillside as their quarters. No shelter was provided; and although they had marched all day, no food was given till the following night. When food was finally given, the Commissary dealt out 10 days' rations in corn meal at once. The prisoners had nothing to hold it in



THE WAR IN GEORGIA—THE MILITARY COLLEGE, MARIETTA.—FROM A SKETCH BY CAPT. D. E. BROWN, 20TH CONN.



THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—GOING TO THE TRENCHES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, R. F. MULLEN.

and used hats, coats, drawers, sleeve-linings, but it was impossible to keep it. They lost much, and suffered all the pangs of hunger, as at best the rations were insufficient. They had no means of cooking it, except as they could borrow a stray utensil from the militia guard. They began at once to build igloos, but there were only three axes given them, and no animals allowed to

draw a single log. The work was necessarily slow, and in the meantime the prisoners lived in holes dug in the ground and covered with brush.

On the 29th of November they were paroled for exchange, and started for Shreveport almost naked and barefoot, not half having a shirt and still fewer anything like a blanket. They reached the Sabine, tracking the

road with their blood. Cattle intended for them were sold by the rebel officers, and the prisoners confined to corn-meal. During the winter they were kept near Shreveport. In March, as all hope of exchange had ended, they were marched back to Tyler. Their treatment on the march was more brutal than ever. Men who failed to keep up from swollen feet were lashed

and dragged by the neck. Many were wounded by blows of swords and muskets. Proper representations of this treatment were made to Gen. Kirby Smith, but without effect.

On the 6th of April they were marched to Marshall, Texas, and kept till May 24, when it proving that the Confederate prisoners were not ready for exchange, they



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE FIGHT AT CEDAR CREEK, FRIDAY, AUG. 12.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

were again marched to Tyler. Here they found the camp enlarged and crowded with prisoners lost by Banks. Their sufferings were now increased, deprived of sufficient food for cooking, stunted in water, and without any hospital or surgeon to care for the sick. Nothing was done to keep the camp clean; and only once, on the 1st of July, was permission given to remove the filth from the camp.

On the 9th of July they finally started forward for exchange. This time they were under the escort of Major G. W. Smith, who will ever be remembered as the first and only instance of chivalry or courtesy met in their experience of Southern men. The march was a prelude of coming happiness; on the 20th July they were delivered to Col. Dwight, Commissioner of Exchange, at the mouth of Red river.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THE DINNER FOR THE BARON.—One of Henry Fox's jokes was that played off on Mrs. —, who had a great fondness for making the acquaintance of foreigners. He forged a letter of recommendation to her in favor of a German nobleman, the Baron von Feldits Powder, whose card was left at her door, and for whom a dinner was immediately planned by Mrs. —, and an invitation sent in form. After waiting a considerable time, and no baron appearing, the dinner was served; but during the second course a note was brought to the lady of the house, with excuses from the baron, who was unexpectedly prevented by the death of his aunt, the Duchess Von Epsom Salts, which she read out to the company without any suspicion of the joke, and to the entertainment of her guests, among whom was the facetious author.

The following lines are said to have been found on the desk of an indolent though afterwards a much celebrated official in one of our Government departments:

From 10 to 11—eat breakfast for seven!
From 11 to 1—there's nothing done.
From 1 to 2—there's nothing to do.
From 2 to 3—begins to see
That 3 to 4—is a deuce of a bore.

A YOUNG man in Canada, whose English friends had ceased to correspond with him, woke up their interest by sending letters to business men in his native place, inquiring the price of a tolerable-sized farm. Seven affectionate letters came from his friends by return of post, and two or three a day have come ever since, and one from an old (and cold) sweetheart.

WHEN the French papers do set out wonders in natural history they beat the English out of sight. One of them tells us that a hare was recently surrounded by inundation, and had no means of safety but climbing up a willow-tree and perching, like a bird, on the top-most bough. A countryman discovered it, took a boat and rowed on an expedition against the life of poor puss. He reached the ashyum, pushed his vessel to the shore, and began to ascend the tree. It was no time for a hare to hesitate; with infinite promptitude, as if about to be seized for high treason, our furry friend took one leap into the boat, and, loosing it from the bank, sailed to the neighboring coast, where it disembarked and escaped. Meanwhile the invader was compelled to wear the willow, and seek his own preservation by occupying the hare's abandoned seat, till at last he was rescued by his friends!

DRILL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

Fall in.—To good ways and habits, which will be conducive to your benefit.

Attention.—To your business, and never mind other people's.

Right Face.—Manfully do your duty, and don't be glad of a petty excuse for shirking it.

Quick March.—From a temptation to do anything which is mean or unmanly.

Halt.—When conscience tells you that you are not doing as you would like to be done by.

Right about Face.—From dishonesty and falsehood.

Present Arms.—Cheerfully when your wife asks you to carry the baby for her.

Break off.—Bad habits and everything which is likely to retard your advancement in the world.

THE following paragraph suggests plenty of food for reflection: "A curious piece was set up, but over-ruled, this week, in Paris, at the Exhibition of Living Artists. An old soldier demanded to be let in for half-price, as he had only one eye." The admission of such a piece would have led to another admission—the admission of half the world to picture-gallery gratis for the majority of people who look at pictures might as well have no eyes, being quite blind to merits and faults alike. And the privilege would be of no advantage to the numerous art-critics, for they have free admission already, perhaps on this very ground.

MONSIEUR DURAND, a visitor in New York having no faith in the funds, nor the banks, nor railroads, but unbounded confidence in Mr. G., a great merchant, placed in his hands \$10,000. Some weeks, aware of this transaction, got into loud conversation at an inn, in the presence of the Frenchman, and among other things lamented the bankruptcy of Mr. G.

The unhappy depositor rushed to the counting-house of his friend, and overwhelmed him with reproaches for his failure. "What for you fall when you owe me \$10,000? Why not you tell me yesterday you fall to-day?"

By this time Mr. G. saw through the trick, and informed Monsieur Durand he would give him a cheque for the amount. At this the Frenchman was more astonished than before, and exclaimed, "Ah! you got him? If you got him I don't want him; but if you have not got him, I must have him."

OLD Dr. Nichols, a celebrated quack doctor, found the calls and fees did not come fast enough to please him, so he added an apothecary's shop to his business, for the sale of drugs and medicines. He had a great sign painted to attract the wondering eyes of the villagers, and the doctor loved to stand in front of his shop and explain its beauties to the gaping beholders. One of these was an Irishman, who gazed for awhile with a comical look, and then exclaimed:

"Och, and by the powers, doctor, if it isn't fine. But there's something a little bit wanting in it."

"And what, pray, is that?" asked the doctor.

"Why, you see," said Pat, "you've got a beautiful sheet of water here, and not a bit of a bird swimming in it."

"Ay! yes," replied the doctor, "that's a good idea. I'll have a couple of swans painted there; wouldn't they be fine?"

"Faith, and I don't know but they would," said Pat; "but I'm after thinking there's another kind of a bird that would be more appropriate."

"And what is that?" asked the doctor.

"Why, I can't exactly think of his name just now, but he's one of them kind of birds that when he sings he cries, 'Quack, quack, quack, quack!'"

The last seen of Pat and the doctor was Pat running for dear life, and the doctor after him.

"Jim, this damp, unwholesome air has given me a horrid cough."

"Has it, Jack? Well, I'm no better off, for it has given me the asthma."

"Borry for it, Jim."

"Ay, but, come to think of it, Jack, perhaps your cough is merely sympathetic—the consequence of mine."

WHY is the figure of your mother's mother like a grain of rye? Because it's grand-form. Don't tell her so, though, or she'll make a wry face at you.

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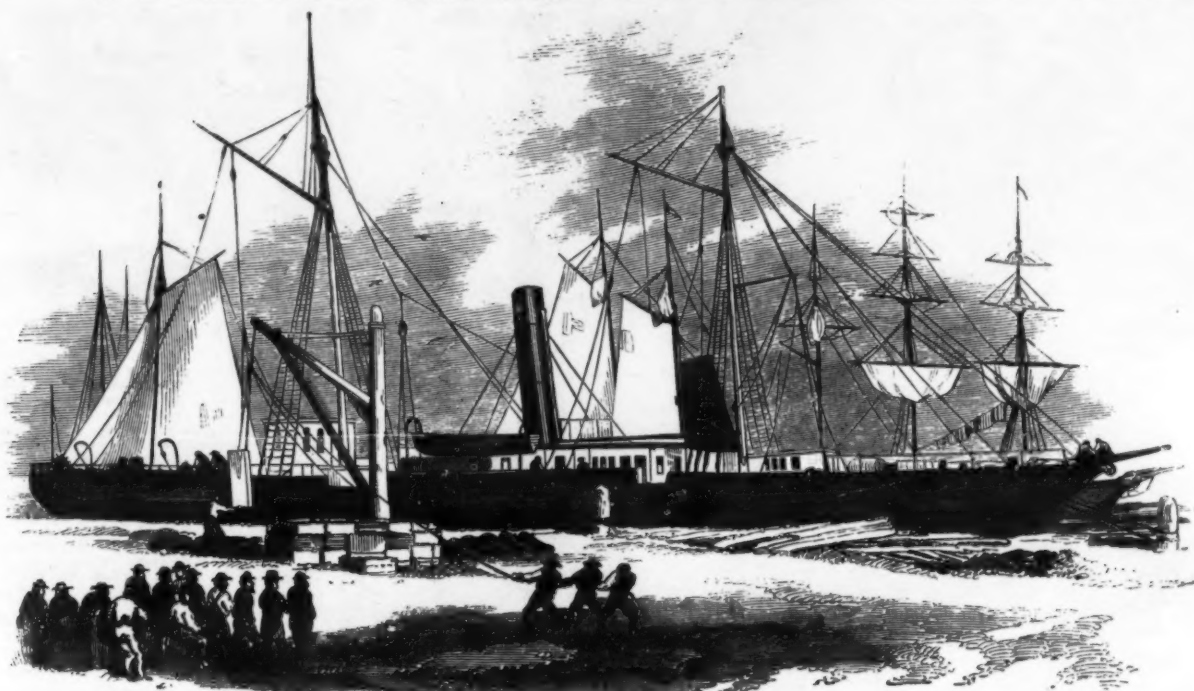
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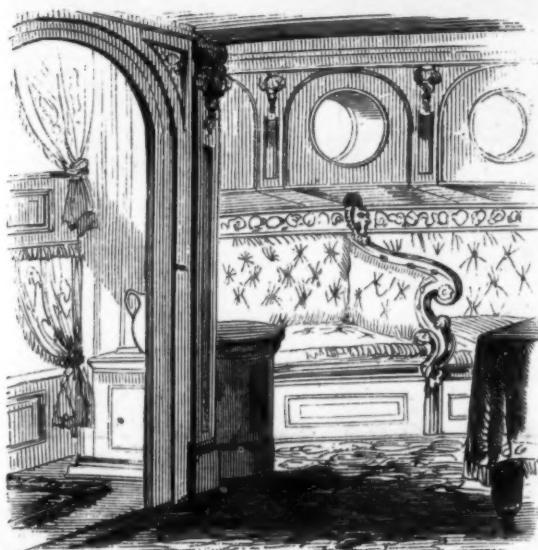
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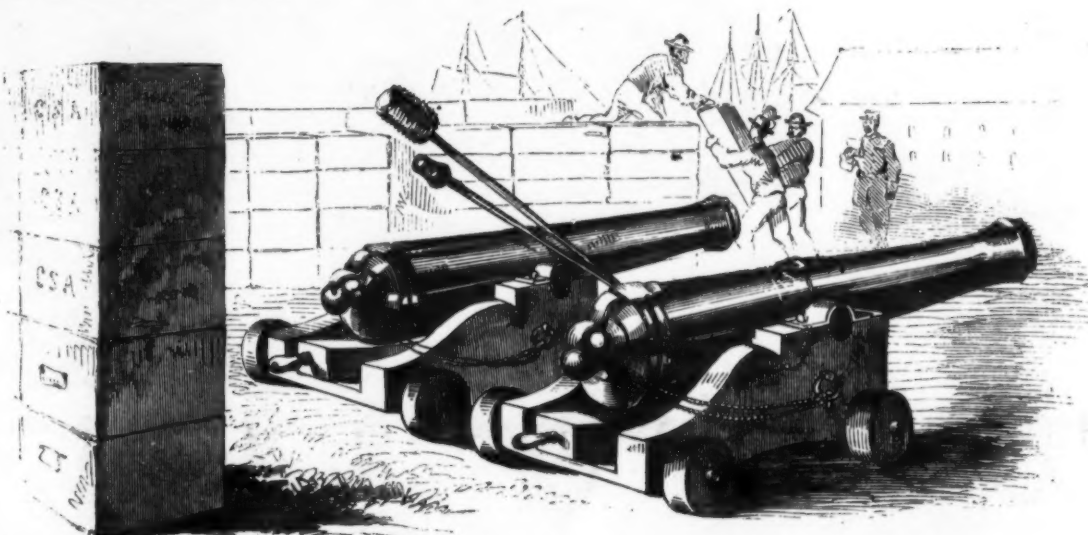
SECTION OF ONE THE SHOTS.



SHOT FOR THE CANNON.



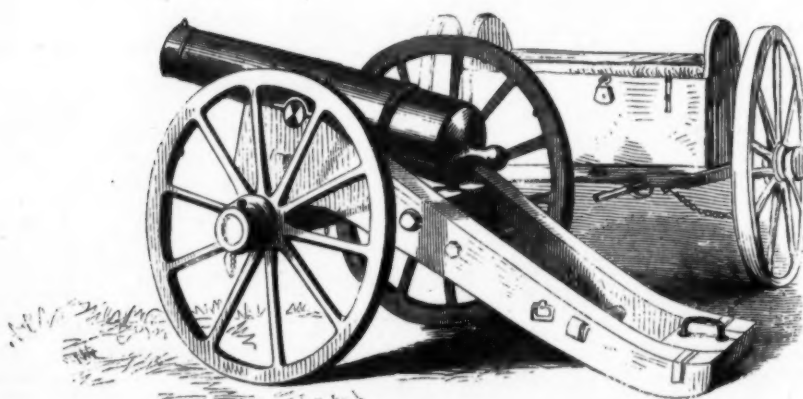
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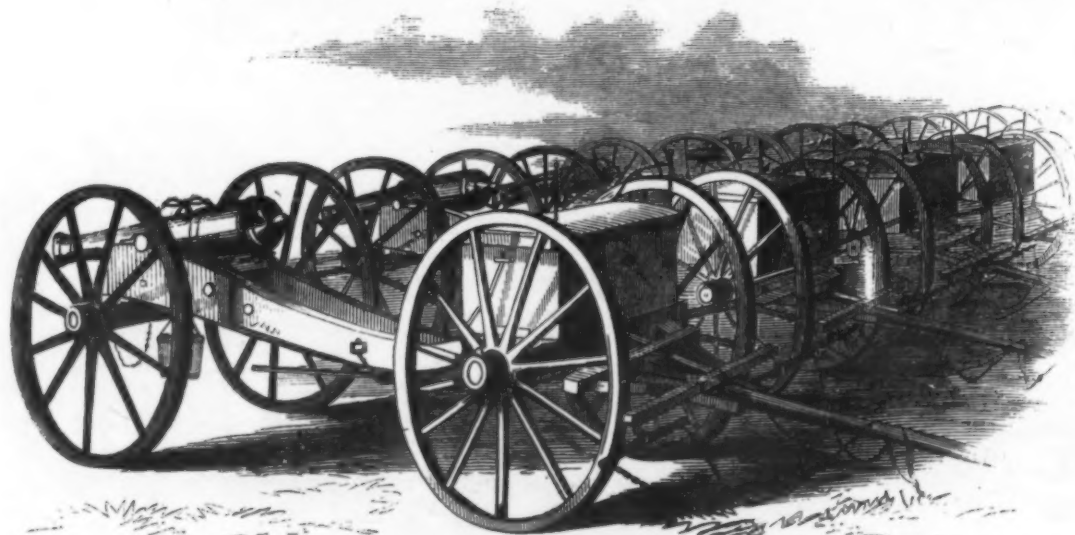
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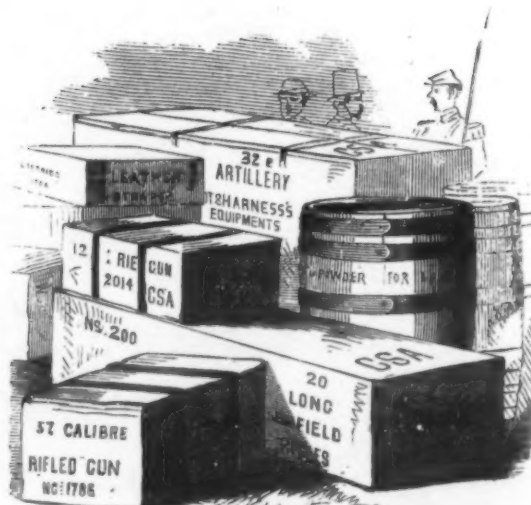
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SKETCHES OF HARTFORD

National Horsefair.

SINCE the days of Nimrod, and no doubt much earlier, horses have always been the most useful of animals. Poets, from the first dawning of verse, have praised them and apotheosised them by giving to every poet, as a necessary adjunct, his Pegasus. Where would Pindar be without his Olympian games? But we must not wander from our subject, which is that famous festival of horseflesh, the Hartford Annual National Horse Fair, which came off on the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th of October. The Special Artist whom we dispatched to "the scene of action" writes so pleasant and graphic an account of what he saw, that we give it as a fitting accompaniment to his capital sketches:

EDITOR FRANK LESLIE—If you want to give dry details of horses' names, ages, etc., you must look to the Hartford papers, since I merely mean in the present letter to tell you what I saw, which, as I wandered everywhere, is about all that is worth recording, except to the professional dealer in horseflesh, the Tattersall men and all that.

First of all—I did not see



STARTING THE HORSES FOR A RUNNING MATCH.

all sides to hear and see. The drivers and jockeys are loud in their complaints: "Gentlemen, I want you to notice his running; I have nothing more to say—all I want is justice," shouts one. "He struck my horse right in the eye to break him up," says the other. "I protest against the sorrel horse," comes up the third. But the judges seem to be used to this kind of work; the decision is soon given, the time marked with chalk on a slate hanging on the stand, and "Clear the track for Class No. 31!" sets the marshals and policemen to work, who soon restore the former order.

Tandem Teams.

Amongst the most interesting and novel exhibitions was the race of the tandem teams; two entries were made, and the race was very close. The horses in tandem teams are hitched one in front of the other, and require a great deal of skill in handling. They make a very fine appearance when at full speed, the front horse trotting perfectly free. Both teams were splendidly managed, and fully merited the applause with which they were greeted.



RUNNING MATCH OF THE MARSHALS—THE START.



RUNNING MATCH OF THE MARSHALS—THE ARRIVAL.

a horsefair, if a horsefair means a place where a large selection of horseflesh is exhibited for inspection and sale, but I did witness a series of jolly races between stallions, gentlemen's trotting horses of the 2.30,

2.35, 2.40 and 2.50 description, double teams, tandems, running horses, family horses, and the fastest trotting horses of every description. We had a "real good time" of it, and people seemed to appreciate it, for they crowded the fair grounds daily and forgot their sorrows. Betting seemed to be lively, for I frequently heard those mysterious exclamations of 10 to 5 on the gray, or 2 against 1 on the sorrel, and also saw a gentleman who was mounted on high shouting lustily, "Poole, how much for Lance? What will you give for Prince?" But, of course, I am innocent.

The races were agreeably intermingled with the exhibition of a few celebrated stallions and their families, of which the Toronto Chief of —, with two colts, attracted particular attention. Toronto Chief is a large, powerful black stallion, with magnificent limbs and action, and although he was not matched for racing, the manner in which he marched around the ring showed plainly that he must rank among the fastest horses of the country. Ashland and his colts elicited also a great amount of admiration, and indeed, as far as looks are concerned, these colts had the advantage over all others. But I proceed to an explanation of my sketches:

The Decision.

After every heat the competitors assemble before the judges' stand to hear the decision of the race and the time made, watchful attendants are there to blanket the horses and sponge their mouths, and the crowd rushes in from



WAITING FOR THE NEXT RACE.



DURING THE RACE.



GROOMING THE HORSE AFTER THE RACE.



GOING HOME